

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 813

JUNE 27, 1885

THE
GRAPHIC.
AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

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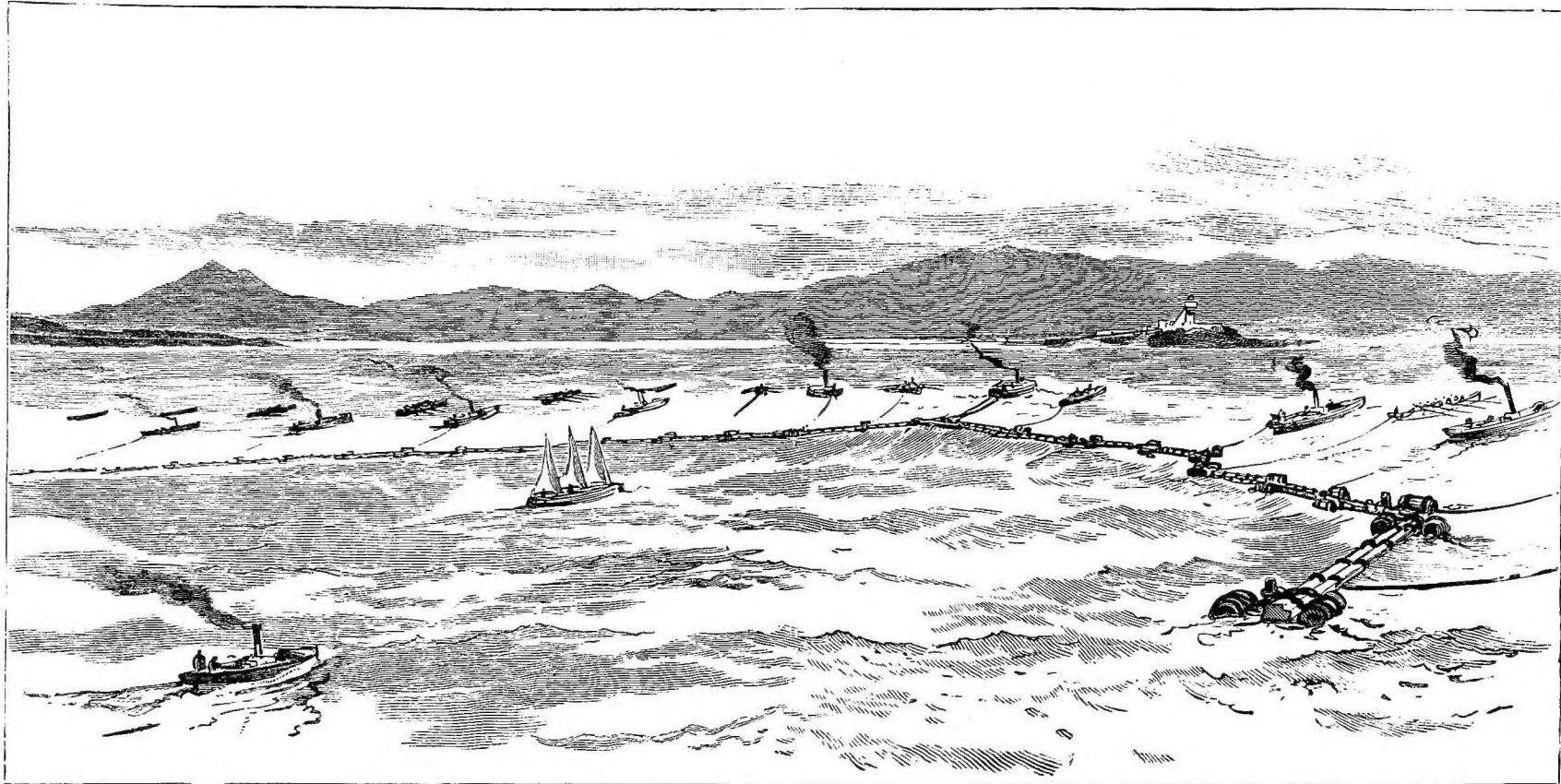
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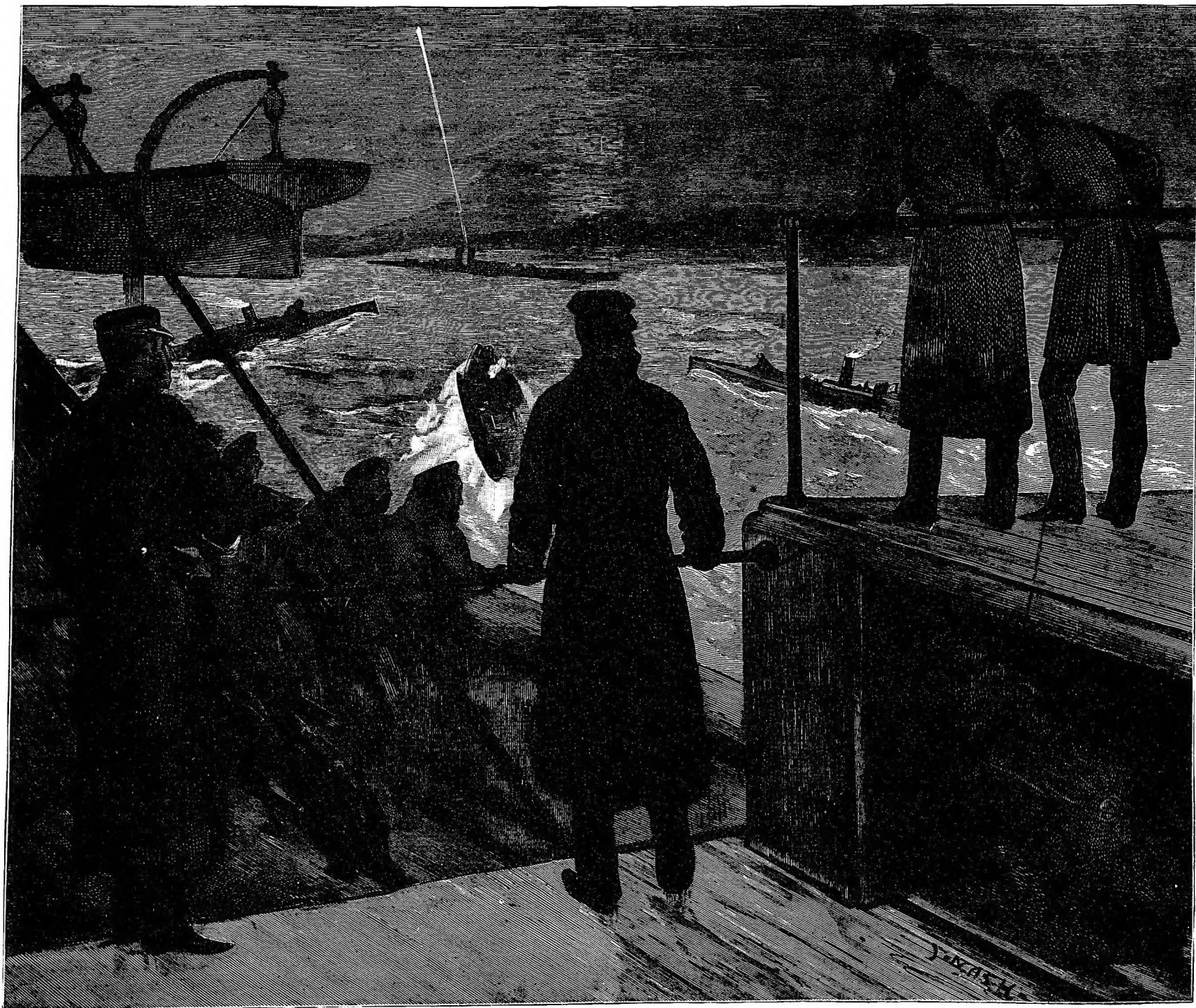
SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1885

WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT

PRICE NINEPENCE
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PUTTING THE BOOM IN POSITION ACROSS THE BAY



THE "MINOTAUR" TRYING TO RUN THE BLOCKADE OF BANTRY BAY

THE PARTICULAR SERVICE SQUADRON IN BANTRY BAY, IRELAND

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS

Topics of the Week

THE NEW GOVERNMENT.—In ordinary circumstances a Government with a minority in the House of Commons would have a very short lease of power. There can be little doubt, however, that the new Ministry will remain in office until the General Election. Its security does not really depend upon the compact which, through the intervention of the Queen, was concluded between Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury; for it was impossible for Mr. Gladstone to give a definite pledge on behalf of his followers. If it suited the Liberals to overthrow the Salisbury Cabinet, overthrown it would be, notwithstanding the negotiations between the leaders of the two parties. The only question of much interest arising from the new situation, therefore, is, What effect is the change of Ministry likely to have upon the approaching electoral contest? This question cannot be answered until the Conservative leaders fully expound their policy; but it will not be very surprising if it turns out that there was an error in the calculations which induced the late Ministers to accept, if not to court, defeat. Lord Salisbury will not have time to do anything very brilliant in the conduct of foreign affairs; but he will at least come to terms with Russia, and with the aid of Prince Bismarck he may be able to show that if he had a majority he would have the means of establishing a more satisfactory state of things in Egypt. With regard to home policy, it may be expected that the Conservatives will no longer be content merely to proclaim their intention of resisting Liberal measures. Next to Lord Salisbury, Lord Randolph Churchill is the most powerful member of the Tory Cabinet; and some of Lord Randolph's ideas are hardly less "advanced" than those of Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke. On the whole, it is still improbable that the new constituencies will return a Conservative majority; but the Tories may considerably diminish the Liberal majority if they make a fairly prudent use of their present opportunities.

THE LATE GOVERNMENT.—The passing of the Franchise Bill and the Seats Bill was the only really brilliant achievement of the late Government, and even that was due in part to the moderation and good sense of the Opposition. In other respects Mr. Gladstone cannot look back with much pleasure on his five years of power. For the Irish people he did what he could; but, notwithstanding all his efforts on their behalf, they are as hostile as they ever were to the connection of their country with England. In 1880 it was fully expected that great measures would be passed for the reorganisation of our system of local government and for the establishment of a new Municipality in London; but these schemes are still only on the list of possible reforms. As for Scotland, she has not even obtained an Act for the benefit of the crofters, although the Scotch have been practically unanimous in demanding that some remedy should be found for the grievances of that unfortunate class. In foreign policy the late Government was almost uniformly unsuccessful. After the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir it had a splendid chance of distinguishing itself; and the only use it made of its opportunities was to bring about disaster after disaster, and to alienate every country in Europe, with the possible exception of Italy, whose friendship has been of little service either to herself or to us. Most of the difficulties of the Gladstone Government sprang from its mismanagement of foreign affairs, for if it had been successful abroad its domestic measures would certainly have met with much less formidable resistance. Its mistake was that it failed from the beginning to shape its action in accordance with the really dominant forces in the international politics of the present time. Mr. Gladstone made vehement attempts to cultivate the good-will of France and Russia, while he offended the Central European Powers; and the result was that in the end even France and Russia turned against him. The concert of Europe, of which we used to hear so much, has been for some time only a concert for the defeat of English schemes.

MERELY A VISIT.—The announcement that Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Chamberlain purpose to pay an autumnal visit to Ireland has been construed in divers fashions. But among the many interpretations, there is not one which accepts the reason given; namely, that they wish to investigate "the social condition of the people and the local institutions of the country." The public may be guilty of uncharitable suspiciousness, but when either of these distinguished Radicals sets forth on a pilgrimage it is at once inferred that some vote-catching enterprise is intended. That is the case in the present instance; the majority of the daily papers put down the excursion to a desire to influence the Irish Vote at the General Election. There may be that ulterior purpose in view, but we are inclined to regard the announcement as a gentle hint to Mr. Parnell to keep clear of the Tories. His Radical friends are naturally afraid that his morals will become corrupted by that evil companionship, but having true regard for him, they give him warning before proceeding to extremities. Before many months elapse, the Irish agricultural labourer will be the proud possessor of a vote. What will he do with it? That is supposed to be an anxious question to Mr. Parnell. He has secured a firm hold on the present

electorate, but were the newly-enfranchised to turn against him because they derived no benefit from the Land Act, his power would be placed in jeopardy. Reading between the lines, therefore, we are inclined to consider the announcement of the Radical visit as a polite intimation to Mr. Parnell that if he coquets any longer with too fascinating Lord Randolph, the Caucus will stir up Paddy against him. It might be a difficult task, but Mr. Chamberlain's powers of organisation are quite equal, we think, to its performance.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE.—Sir Stafford Northcote—or, as we must now call him, Lord Iddesleigh—has a position of great dignity in the new Government; but it is generally recognised that he will not exercise a commanding influence over its policy. The control of the Tory party has passed into younger and more vigorous hands. No statesman of the present day is more sincerely respected, for his methods have always been in accordance with the best traditions of English politics; and it is admitted, even by his opponents, that in one department—finance—he is second only to Mr. Gladstone. Nevertheless, he has probably acted wisely, both for his own sake and for the sake of his party, in going to the House of Lords. England is about to enter upon a wholly new stage of her political history, the supremacy of the Democratic element in her Constitution having now been finally established. That the Tories will be unable to play a great part under the changed conditions of our political life is by no means clear; but it is certain that they would rapidly become powerless if they did not adopt a strong and bold policy—a policy quite as Democratic, although not necessarily the same, as that of the Radicals, their only real opponents. With all Sir Stafford Northcote's good qualities, he is not well fitted for the initiation and the advocacy of such a policy as this. He is adapted rather for quiet times, when the country is satisfied to advance slowly and peacefully; for he is essentially a Moderate Liberal, and shrinks, as he himself has almost confessed, from those restless persons who look for pluck and "go" in their political leaders. Lord Salisbury and Lord Randolph Churchill have a much better chance of satisfying the younger generation of Tories.

CENTRAL ASIAN AFFAIRS.—Lord Salisbury will, we fancy, find that he has some intricate knots to untie in Central Asia. Perplexity crowns perplexity, and no sooner does the puzzled Briton conceive that he has got at the back of one than, hey presto! it changes form with Protean swiftness, and comes at him again, more wickedly than ever. Why has the Russian Governor of Sarakhs imprisoned the servant of a British Consul? Before now, England has gone to war for less cause, but we shall be well content if, in the present instance, our representative is not made to apologise for having his servitor placed in goal. Why is the Shah fortifying Kelat-i-Nadiri? He is supposed to be little more than a feudatory of the Czar, but the geographical position of Kelat-i-Nadiri is such that its fortifications can only be required against Russia, there being no other Power that could possibly attack the town. It is sometimes conjectured that Nasr-ud-Din, finding his thralldom unendurable, is preparing to cast off the Muscovite yoke. That is an old story, and apparently rests upon no grounds whatever. But it seems quite possible that the Shah has present reason to believe that his powerful protector does not feel satisfied with their present relations. A large Russian force is now cantoned along the Northern Persian frontier, having been pushed forward from the Caspian ostensibly to provide against warlike contingencies on the Afghan frontier. It would not be matter for much astonishment if the Czar, finding himself likely to be balked in the latter quarter by the accession of Conservatism to power in England, were to suddenly pick a quarrel with Persia, and force her to surrender to him both a port on the Indian Ocean and a strip of territory connecting this trading outlet with his Central Asiatic possessions.

COLLIERY EXPLOSIONS.—The mining accident which has spread such alarm and grief throughout the neighbourhood of Pendlebury is one of those which appeal most vividly to the imagination of the public. We have, in the first place, a mine of enormous depth, extending in some places to over seven hundred yards beneath the surface of the earth, and divided into huge ramifications which honeycombed the black mineral strata in all directions. The very idea of men working at a depth of some 2,000 feet in the bowels of the earth has a sensational character about it; and perhaps not least so to those who have never actually explored a coal-mine. But when a sudden explosion occurs at a spot which no one can ascertain for the moment, scorching, maiming, and killing many scores of miners, prostrating the survivors, extinguishing their lights, and cutting off their passages of escape, the horror of the situation becomes intensified to the highest degree, and it is no wonder to read that some of the men and boys who were actual witnesses of the awful scene were for the time deprived of their reason. In grotesque contrast with the condition of these people may be placed the account of the three or four miners who, having fled as far as they could from the dangerous quarters where the explosion took place and finding that there were no means of ascending the shaft, calmly lay down and went to sleep for a few hours. The horror of the accident and the terror which it has inspired are greatly aggravated by the fact that the mine was one of those usually

reputed "safe," and had been inspected shortly before, and pronounced free from danger. It was indeed considered so safe that in some parts of it candles were allowed; but the result will probably be to make it a general rule never to dispense with the orthodox safety lamp. "Safe" collieries will, moreover, cease to be regarded as safe; and we may hope that the most stringent precautions will now be adopted in their case as well as in the mines reputed dangerous.

M. LESSAR AND GENERAL LUMSDEN.—The brilliant gathering which assembled on Monday night to hear Sir Peter Lumsden discourse about the tribes on the Afghan frontier testified to the estimation in which the ex-Boundary Commissioner is held by his fellow countrymen. Sooth to say, the paper he read made rather dull hearing, and we are inclined to suspect that some among his audience felt considerably disappointed that he did not touch upon the Russian advance. M. Lessar was present, however, and it would scarcely have been in good taste for General Lumsden to give his version of the Penjdeh massacre within the hearing of General Komaroff's fellow-countryman. He received his reward for this delicate reticence when M. Lessar bestowed the most effusive praises on the work done by the British Boundary Commission, "prosecuted as it had been under such difficult circumstances." We should have preferred this laudation to have come from our own Government; there is something gritty in the idea of the grateful task having been left to the distinguished foreigner whose schemes General Lumsden did his utmost to baffle. Having won all along the line, M. Lessar could well afford to adopt a magnanimous rôle, even as a kind-hearted winner at the gaming table will often say, while pocketing the stakes, "I had all the best of the luck, you know." The Russian diplomatist, nevertheless, could not resist the temptation of shooting a Parthian arrow at the discomfited Briton. "From the necessities of the case," he said, "it will take some time before all the results of General Lumsden's work can be brought together, and realised." Not very long, we fancy; General Komaroff is realising them with great promptitude, in his own fashion, much encouraged thereto by the disappearance of the British Commissioner at the very time when his presence was most required.

LARCENY BY MINORS.—On two occasions within the past fortnight there has been an assemblage of a dozen or more Judges of the Supreme Court to pronounce an opinion in the Court for Crown Cases Reserved; and each of the cases heard before so distinguished and full-bodied a tribunal has, curiously enough, involved a difficult point in the law relating to larceny. That which was decided on Saturday last had relation also to the law of minors, and was altogether of a puzzling character, although the inferior Courts had each come without much hesitation to the same conclusion upon it. An "infant," or to use the less technical parlance, a minor, had hired furniture on the three-year system, and, before many instalments had been paid, had sold the chattels for what they would fetch. Was this a veritable act of "larceny?" The authorities on common law say no, for in order to constitute that offence there must have been at the time of the original taking possession of the goods an intention to steal them, and in this instance there was no evidence that the hirer intended from the first to appropriate them without payment. But then there is a statute which makes it larceny to fraudulently appropriate goods, even if they have been first procured under a *bonâ fide* contract. Did not the case of Macdonald come within this category of offence? His counsel maintained the contrary, because there could be, as he alleged, no contract in the matter. "Infants" are incapable of entering into binding contracts: therefore there was no *bonâ fide* contract, and therefore there could be no larceny under the Act. The Judges, or at least the majority amongst them, rejected this ingenious theory, and seem to have done so by qualifying the old maxim that a minor cannot contract. It appears from the remarks made by some of them that, for some purposes at least, these privileged persons must now be held capable of contracting, even for things that are not necessities. And it seems that they can do so sufficiently to bring themselves within the law relating to statutory larceny. And it is only a very disreputable class of "infant" which will object to being exposed to this reasonable risk.

HOME RULE IN SCOTLAND.—It is said that Mr. Chamberlain is about to agitate for the establishment of some new system of local government in Scotland. If this means only that he wishes to reorganise the method of county government, he will not meet with much serious opposition; for in this respect reform is as much needed in the northern as in the southern part of the kingdom. But, according to some authorities, what he proposes is that there shall be at Edinburgh a Board which would be practically a Scottish Parliament. If this is his intention, he will probably find that he has misunderstood the tendencies of opinion in Scotland. The Scotch are, no doubt, a very patriotic people; but what could they hope to gain by having a sort of Parliament of their own? It is true that during the last five years their interests have been rather neglected at St. Stephen's; but this has been due to exceptional circumstances. In ordinary times they obtain from the Imperial Parliament everything that they really want. If the Scotch members are united

about any measure relating to their country, they are allowed to arrange the matter as they please, English members having no wish to interfere with business in which they and their constituents are not directly concerned. A Board at Edinburgh, therefore, would do no good to Scotland, and it might do considerable harm, since it would tend to bring to the front the narrowest and most bigoted class of Scotch politicians. Fortunately, Mr. Chamberlain is likely to receive a good deal of fresh light on the subject during his approaching visit to Glasgow.

ESCAPE FROM FIRES.—The long catalogue of fires with which the present year has already been filled contains no more remarkable illustration of the dangers which beset us nightly than the dramatic scene enacted at Mr. Cullen's house at Peckham in the early morning of last Monday. It seems that this gentleman had had a veritable presentiment of the disaster impending over him, and that he had adopted an original and inexpensive plan for guarding against its results. Providing himself with a length of rope sufficient to reach from his bedroom to the ground, and making a chair-knot in it at one end, he attached the other to a strong hook in the wall, and went to bed with a sense of security which events were soon to justify in a most practical way. A few days after the apparatus had been rigged up it was announced soon after midnight that the house was on fire, and that a descent by the staircase was impossible. Mr. Cullen was naturally but little disconcerted. He summoned his trembling family, placed them one by one in the knot of the rope, and lowered them quietly to the ground, with the exception of one child which he himself carried down as he made his own descent. The lesson will not be thrown away upon the more timorous class of householder, who may be expected during the next few days to occupy himself not unfrequently in the task of rigging up a similar appliance to his bedroom window. But it would be well for those within not to pin their faith too firmly to the rope-ladder theory of salvage. Windows are occasionally too high to make such a mode of descent either comfortable to stout persons being lowered, or easy for those who attempt to lower them. And moreover the fire in the lower part of the house may not improbably interfere effectually with all design of using the machine. It would be no great boon to a lady, however terrified, to let her down by a rope into an atmosphere where she would be either suffocated outright or roasted to death by the flames. Far more safe and more rational to provide for an escape on to the roof by means of a short ladder and a trap-door. As it is, most houses have a trap-door of some sort in the roof, though very often it will not open when it is most necessary to open it. Even when it will do so it often has no permanent means of approach, and before a pair of steps can be brought and used it is too late to attempt escape. Until people recognise the importance of providing an exit above as well as below we shall not cease to hear of fatal accidents which might be prevented by a very simple precaution.

THE SPANISH MINISTERIAL CRISIS.—There was no doubt a fairly close parallelism between the Ministerial crises which happened almost simultaneously the other day in England and Italy. But the most ingenious tracers of resemblances will be puzzled to detect any similarity between either of these governmental crashes and that which has just occurred in Spain. It is generally complained, in Monarchical countries of the more democratic sort, that the Sovereign does not do enough work for the salary he draws. Comparisons are drawn between his toil and stipend and those of some cobbler or tinker, of course with the result that the latter epitome of virtue is shown to work ever so much harder for a mere fraction of the Royal idler's pay. Spain, however, always goes by the rule of contraries as compared with other countries. The fault alleged against King Alfonso by his Ministers was not that he did too little, but that he sought to do too much. He actually desired to visit certain cholera-stricken districts of his kingdom—an undertaking without precedent, it is believed, in Spanish annals. Probably the first idea of Senor Canovas was that the King had gone stark, staring mad. What, go among common folks dying of cholera, and perhaps catch the dreadful disease himself! Dynastic considerations forbade the rash proceeding; more than that, Spanish etiquette forbade it. But the poor King was resolute; had not his brother of Italy done what he wanted to do, and earned golden opinions by doing it? That was so, without doubt; but the Italian Court, being a mushroom sort of affair, has no etiquette worth speaking of; whereas that of Madrid is—well, Spanish. King Alfonso at last recognised the force of this distinction, and Spain was consequently saved from a Ministerial crisis, and perhaps half-a-dozen revolutions.

EXHIBITION SITES.—A great deal of the popularity secured by the Inventories and the two previous years' Exhibitions at South Kensington is undoubtedly due to the extraordinary facilities which exist for getting to the building. The financial difficulties which have always weighed rather heavily upon the Sydenham Palace, and which have at least on one occasion been absolutely fatal to the undertaking at Muswell Hill, were either caused or immensely aggravated by the distance of those places from London, and the very different means of transport thither which are afforded. These considerations have presented themselves with full

force to the French Government, and to those persons who are interested in promoting the success of the Grand Exhibition at Paris in 1889. They were no doubt mainly operative in inducing the committee which was appointed to consider the subject to recommend the adoption of the Champ de Mars as a site for that great undertaking. The decision of the committee, which was given some months ago, not in the form of a verdict but rather as a mere recommendation, is now, however, being vigorously contested by a party which is in favour of the more distant site at Courbevoie, about three miles outside the fortifications, and five miles or so from the central district of Paris. The partisans of this latter scheme argue that it would be far cheaper in the long run to erect a permanent building in the environs of the capital, which could be utilised in the same way as our Crystal Palace and the establishment at South Kensington, than to construct, on the old central site within Paris, a building which would have to be pulled down as soon as it had served its purpose for one single year. And they deny, moreover, the fact that the Courbevoie Palace would be to any serious extent more inaccessible than one in the Champ de Mars or at the Trocadéro. For in Exhibition time omnibuses in the middle of Paris are overcrowded, and cabmen both scarce and extortionate. It would, as they declare, to many visitors, and to most of the actual inhabitants of the capital, be really cheaper and less troublesome to get to Courbevoie by one of the several lines of railway or tramway which lead to it from all parts of the city. Add to this, that there is at Courbevoie an unlimited space for the extension of the palace and grounds, whereas in Paris the limits are still more restricted than in 1878, when there was so much grumbling about the exclusion of English and other exhibits for want of room. On the whole, whether regarded from the financial point of view, or as a matter of mere convenience, there is a great deal more to be said for the Courbevoie site than any one would suppose if he argued merely from the analogy of Crystal Palaces in and round London.

NOTICE TO BINDER.—In consequence of the postponement of "A VISIT TO MOUNT KILIMA-NJARO, III.," pages 661 to 664 will appear next week.

NOTICE.—With this number is issued, as an EXTRA DOUBLE PAGE SUPPLEMENT, A PORTRAIT GROUP OF THE NEW CONSERVATIVE CABINET.

NOTICE.—Next week we shall publish the first part of a NEW SERIAL STORY, entitled "FIRST PERSON SINGULAR," by David Christie Murray, author of "Joseph's Coat," "A Bit of Human Nature," &c., illustrated by C. S. Reinhart and Arthur Hopkins, to be continued weekly till completion.



LYCEUM THEATRE.—OLIVIA, by W. G. Wills, every evening at 8.15. Dr. Primrose, Mr. Henry Irving, Olivia, Miss Ellen Terry. At 7.45 THE BALANCE OF COMFORT. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst), open Ten to Five. Seats can be booked one month in advance, and by letter or telegram.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—MR. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager.—Last Nights (for the present)—THE LIGHTS OF LONDON (by Geo. R. Sims). THIS EVENING at 7.45. Messrs. Leonard Boyne, Willard, Speakman, Huntley, Hudson, Doone, Elliott, De Solla, Evans, Fulton, Bernage, Walton, &c., and George Barrett; Misses. Emmeline Ormsby, Walton, Cook, Wilson, Garth, Mrs. Huntley, &c., and Miss Eastlake. Box Office 9.30 till 5.0. No fees. Prices—Private Boxes, One to Nine Guineas; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Boxes, 3s.—Business Manager, Mr. J. H. COBBE.

MR. KUHE'S GRAND MORNING CONCERT, ST. JAMES'S HALL, MONDAY next, at 2.30. Vocalists: Mlle. Antoinette Trebelli (her first appearance in public), and Miss Carlotta Elliot, Madame Rose Hersee, Miss Beata Francis, Mlle. Henrietta Polke, Madame Riechmann, Madame Antoinette Sterling, Miss Alexandra Ehrenberg, and Madame Trebelli. Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. J. Robertson, and Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Isidore de Lara, and Mr. Ernest Birch, Signor Carpi, and Mr. Barrington Foote. Instrumentalists: Solo Violin, Madame Norman Neruda; Solo Pianoforte, Mr. Kuhe. Mr. Henry Irving has most kindly promised to Recite. Conductors, Mr. W. Ganz, Mr. R. Koche, Mr. Sidney Naylor, Signor Bisaccia, and Mr. Randegeger. Tickets, 21s, 10s, 6d., 5s., and 2s. 6d., at Mr. Kuhe's, 60, Welbeck Street, W., at the hall, and of the usual agents.

MADAME TREBELLI has the honour to announce that her Daughter, MADIE, ANTOINETTE TREBELLI, will make her first appearance in public at MR. KUHE'S GRAND MORNING CONCERT on Monday next.

MR. W. G. CUSINS has the honour to announce that he will give his GRAND ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT at ST. JAMES'S HALL, WEDNESDAY next, July 1, at 3 o'clock. Artists: Madame Albani, Madame Biro de Marion, Madame San Martino, and Madame Scalchi; Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Herbert Reeves, and Signor Del Puente. Violin, Madame Norman Neruda. Violoncello, Monsieur Lasserre. Pianoforte, Mr. W. G. Cusins. Mr. Cusins has great pleasure in announcing that Mrs. Kendal has kindly consented to Recite on this occasion. At the Pianoforte, Signor Bisaccia, Mr. T. Pettit, and Mr. Sidney Naylor. Sofa stalls, 21s.; reserved seats, 10s. 6d.; balcony, 5s.; area, 3s.; admission, 1s.; at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall; the usual Agents; or of Mr. W. G. Cusins, 7, Nottingham Place, W.

CHESTER TRIENNIAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL, July 22nd, 23rd, 24th. Under the Patronage of HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN. THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

EARL AND COUNTESS OF CHESTER. The Redemption, Daniel, Stabat Mater (Rossini), St. Paul, Messiah, Berlioz, Faust, and Miscellaneous Works. Artists: Miss Mary Davies, Miss Anna Williams, Madame Patey, Miss Hilda Wilson; Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Joseph Meas, Mr. Brereton, and Mr. Santley. Band and Chorus, 300. Reserved Seats for Three Days inclusive, Two Guineas and One Guinea. Single Tickets, 15s. 0d. and 7s. 6d.

Full particulars from the Hon. Secretary, at Messrs. Phillipson and Golders, Chester.

INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, South Kensington, 1885. PATRON: H.M. the QUEEN. PRESIDENT: H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES. Division 1, INVENTIONS. Division 2, MUSIC. Admission to the Exhibition is Every Week Day, except Wednesday, when it is 2s. 6d. Two Bands Daily, and the Strauss Orchestra from Vienna, and the Pomeranian (Blücher) Hussars. EVENING FETES. Illuminated Fountains, and Gardens lighted every evening by many thousands of Electrical Glow Lamps. Special Evening Fetes Wednesdays and Saturdays. INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, 1885.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS' New and Brilliantly Successful Programme. EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT. Monday, Wednesday, Saturday, at Three and Eight. The eminent American Humourist, MR. W. P. SWEATNAM, Will appear at Every Performance. Tickets and Places Austin's Office, St. James's Hall. No fees.

BRIGHTON.—FREQUENT TRAINS from Victoria and London Bridge.

Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool Street Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets, at Cheap Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton. Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Weekday. From Victoria 10.0 a.m., Fare 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car. Cheap Half-Guinea First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday, from Victoria and London Bridge. Admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion. Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday. From Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m. Fare, 10s. Pullman Drawing Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations. On the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

PARIS.—Shortest, Cheapest Route via NEWHAVEN

DIEPPE and ROUEN. Tidal Special Express Service (1st and 2nd Class). From Victoria and London Bridge every Weekday morning. Night Service Weekdays and Sundays (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class). From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. Fares—Single, 34s., 25s., 18s.; Return, 57s., 41s., 32s. The "Normandy" and "Brittany," Splendid Fast Paddle Steamers accomplish the Passage between Newhaven and Dieppe frequently in about 35 hours. A through Conductor will accompany the Passengers by Special Day Service throughout to Paris, and vice versa. Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings; Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate Circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations. (By Order.) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

CORPORATION OF LIVERPOOL.

AUTUMN EXHIBITION OF PICTURES in OIL and WATER COLOURS.

The above Exhibition will be opened in the WALKER ART GALLERY on MONDAY, September 1st, 1885. RECEIVING DAYS AUGUST 1st to 14th INCLUSIVE. Forms and all information may be obtained on application to CHARLES DYALL, Curator.

GENERAL GORDON AT KHARTOUM.

"THE LAST WATCH." THE GORDON MEMORIAL FUND PICTURE, British Gallery, Pall Mall (opposite Marlboro' House). Ten to Six. Admission, 1s. By LOWES DICKINSON.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—Doré's LAST GREAT PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. Now on VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street, with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and his other Great Pictures. From 10 to 6 Daily. One Shilling.

"ANNO DOMINI," by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This Great Work is NOW on VIEW, together with other Important Works, at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond Street. Ten to six. Admission 1s.

ZEUXIS AT CROTONA. By EDWIN LONG, R.A. I. "THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY." II. "THE CHOSEN FIVE." These Two New Pictures, with "ANNO DOMINI" and other works, ON VIEW at 168, New Bond Street. Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS. THE HUNDRED and THIRD EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN, 5, Pall Mall East, from Ten till Six. Admission, One Shilling. Illustrated Catalogue, One Shilling. ALFRED D. FRIPP, R.W.S., Secretary.

NEW ENGRAVINGS, &c., ON VIEW.

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THE PARTICULAR SERVICE SQUADRON

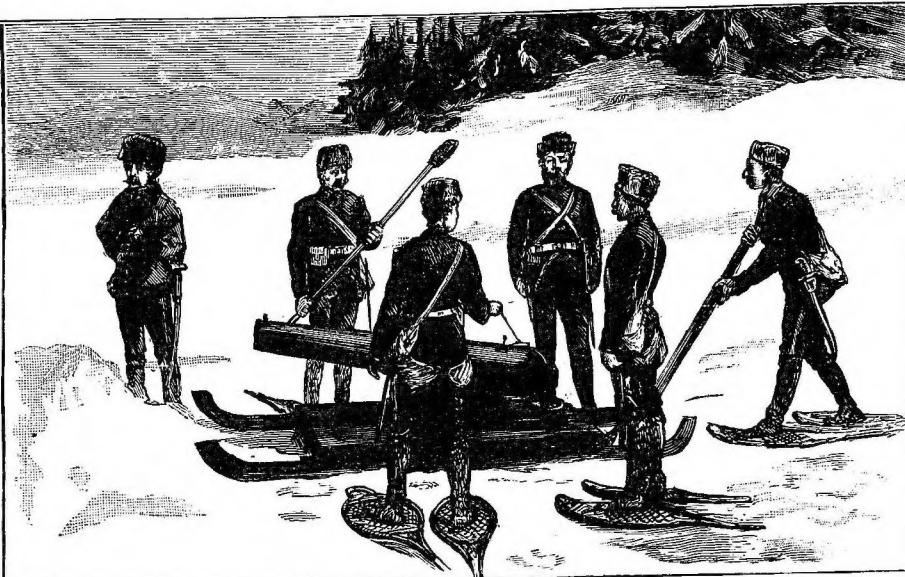
THE evolutions of Admiral Sir G. Hornby's fleet in Bantry Bay during last week have been watched with intense interest, not only by Naval authorities, but by the public in general, whose anxiety with regard to the efficiency of the Navy has been fully aroused by the recent discussions both in and out of Parliament. The fleet comprises a total of nearly thirty vessels—ironclads, turret-ships, torpedo boats, cruisers, despatch vessels, and gunboats—in fact, representatives of every type of vessel now in use in the British Navy. The main theory of operations has consisted in the idea that Admiral Hornby's squadron is lying in an enemy's waters—Bantry Bay, and that it is watched by a hostile fleet of cruisers—the advanced guard of a powerful squadron, some thirty miles at sea. The harbour is protected by a chain of booms, while Admiral Hornby constantly sends out his torpedo boats to keep the hostile cruisers in view, and if possible to get within striking distance of them. The enemy is also supposed to be well supplied with torpedo boats, so that a sharp watch is maintained throughout the night, when, indeed, most of the important manoeuvres have taken place. At present the advantage has distinctly been on the side of the hostile cruisers, who have prevented the ironclads from stealing out of the harbour under cover of darkness, while one cruiser, the *Mercury*, has succeeded in running our torpedo blockade three times, though her companions, the *Racer* and *Conquest*, were discovered by the smart little craft. Several important lessons have already been learnt, one being that the torpedo vessels are bad sea boats, not fit to be used for carrying mails or despatches. A serious accident has happened to the cruiser *Leander*, which, running upon a sunken rock, has been completely disabled.

Our artist, Mr. F. Villiers, writes:—"The Bay of Bantry has now been placed in a thorough state of defence, both eastern and western entrances having been protected by booms and mines. The big or long boom for the eastern channel has been subscribed to by all the ships in the squadron, and each section was ready by Monday morning, under the superintendence of Commander Russell, of H.M.S. *Sultan*, and Commander Hammett, of the *Agincourt*. The steam pinnaces, picket boats, and cutters of the respective men-of-war towed their sections up to the rendezvous near the line to be blocked, when the boom was joined together in a V shape to the anchorage in the middle of the passage; the cutters and pinnaces then drew the boom into line, stretching it across the bay.

"Naval evolutions have been carried on every night this week, foul weather or fair. On Tuesday evening (last week) a small fleet, composed of the *Mariner*, *Mercury*, and *Conquest*, moved out with torpedo boats serving as scouts, to play the rôle of a blockading force. When they had got well out to sea, a few hours later the flag-ship, H.M.S. *Minotaur*, and the *Hotspur* and *Shannon* tried to steal out of the Bay and elude the vigilance of the blockading force. They gained the sea unobserved, and were stealing along under cover of the shore, when a grey torpedo boat suddenly appeared like a phantom to starboard, and before she could be run down by the three second class torpedo boats flanking the *Minotaur*, she had time to send up a signal to the enemy out at sea, and eventually escaped herself after a spirited chase by the shark-like little scouts. Early dawn showed the *Minotaur* and the rest



THE REBEL INDIAN CHIEF POUNDMAKER,
WHO RECENTLY SURRENDERED

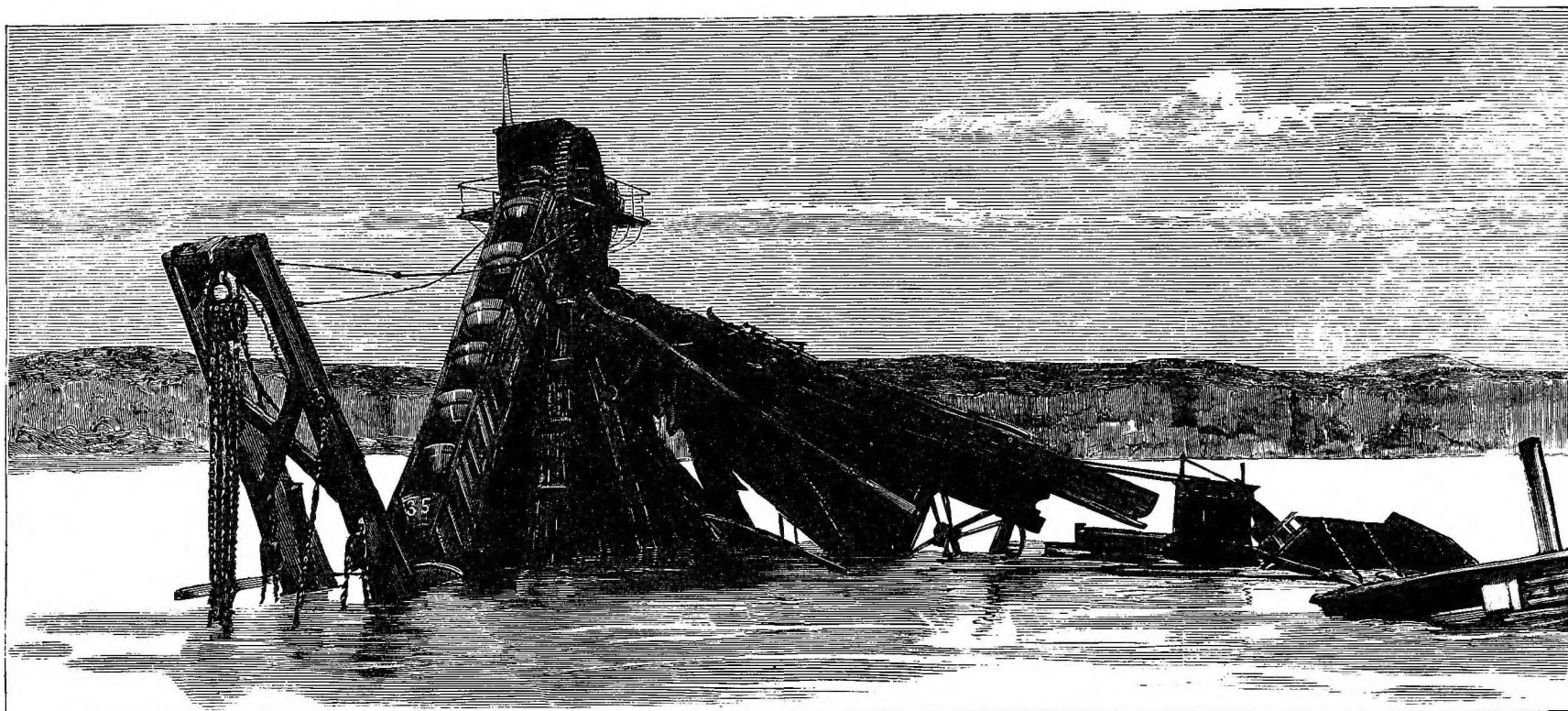


A CANADIAN FIELD GUN IN ACTION

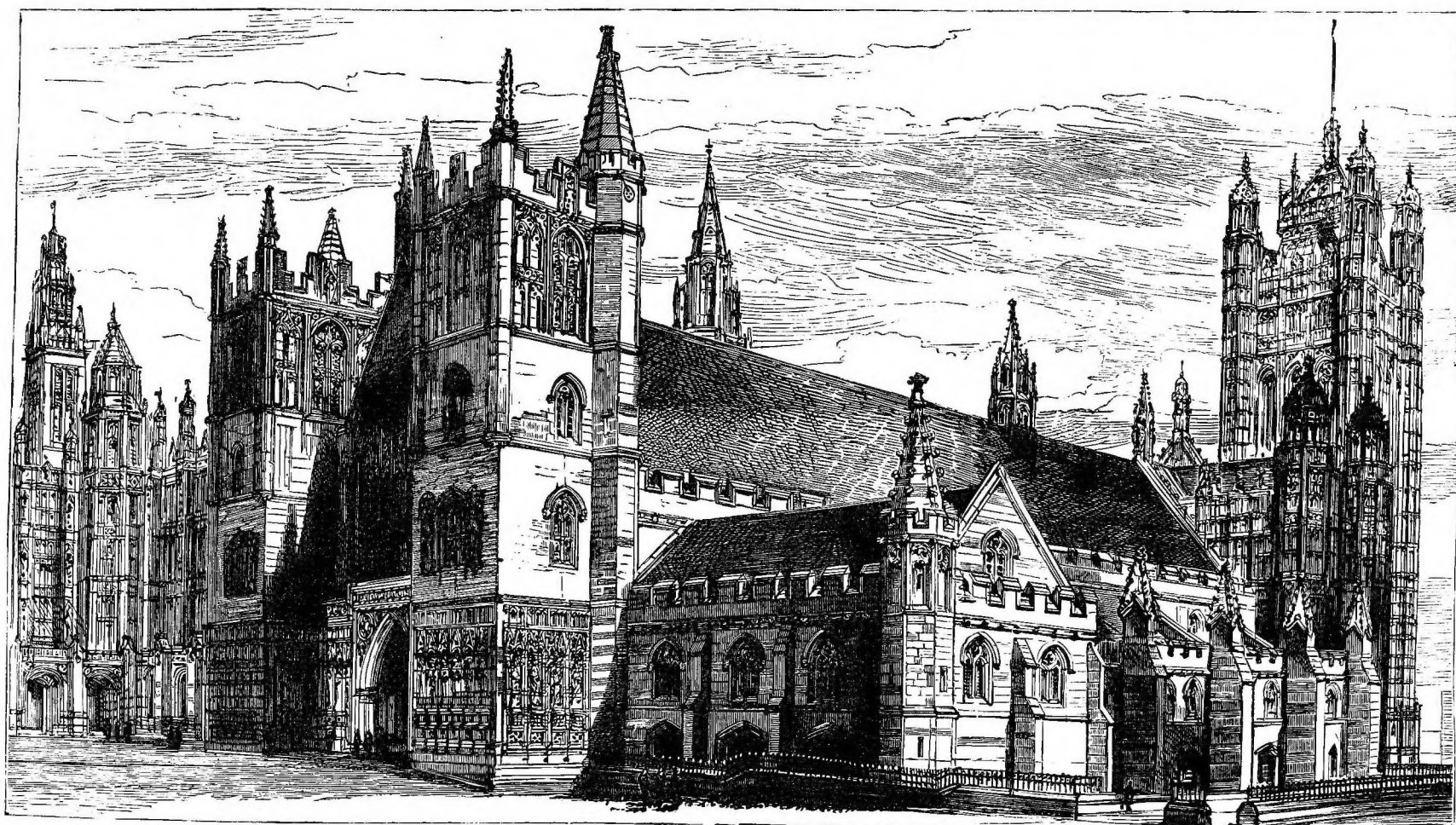


THE REBEL INDIAN CHIEF BIG BEAR, STILL
UNCAPTURED

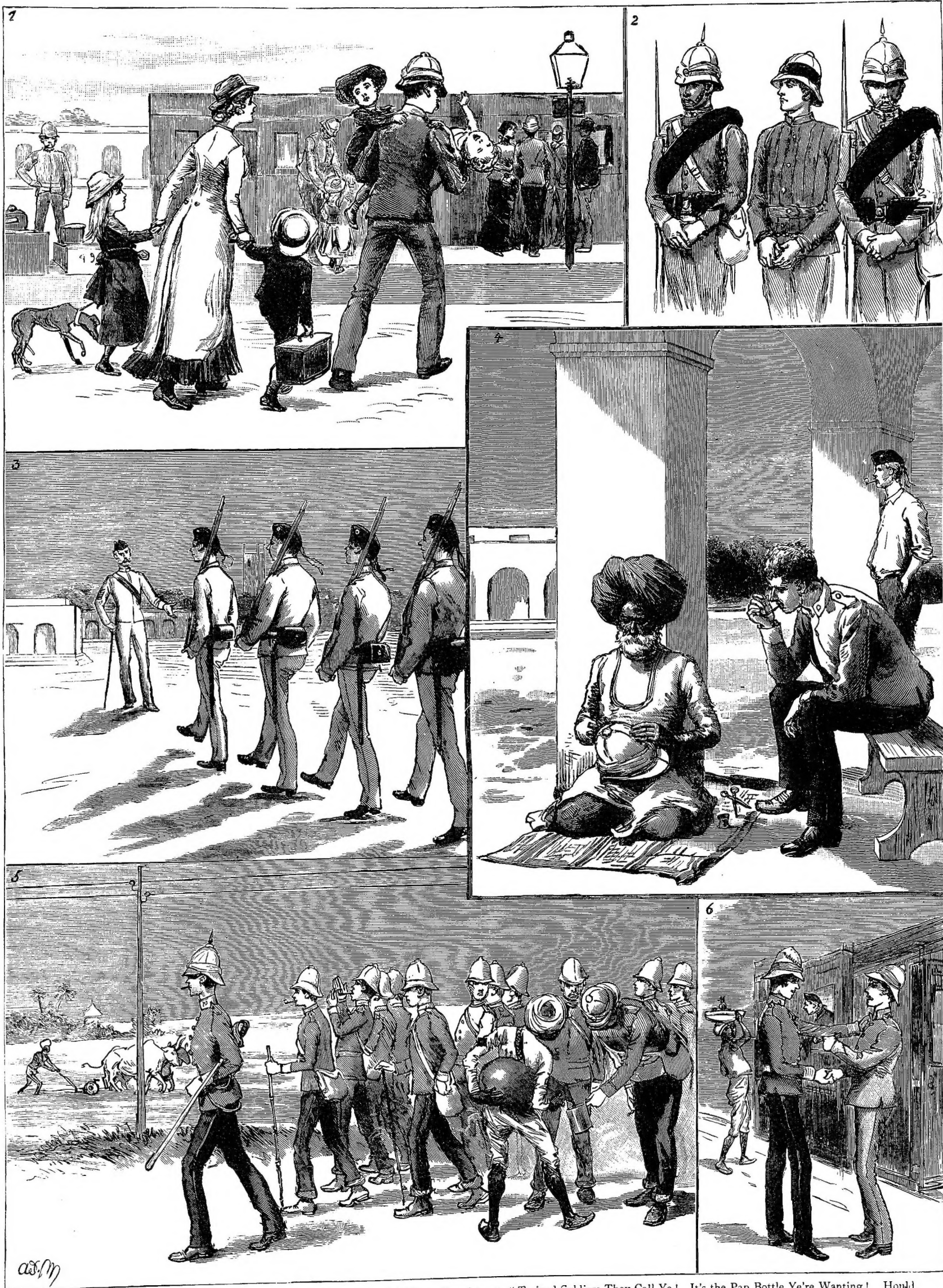
THE REBELLION IN CANADA



THE BLOCK IN THE SUEZ CANAL—THE SUNKEN DREDGER WHICH HAS CAUSED THE STOPPAGE



THE PROPOSED "RESTORATION" OF WESTMINSTER HALL



1. Going Home to His Pension.—2. One Way of Getting Home: A Military Convict.—3. "Trained Soldiers They Call Ye! It's the Pap Bottle Ye're Wanting! Hould Yerselves Up, Will Ye!"—4. Being Initiated in the Mysteries of Folding a Puggaree.—5. The Draft on the Way to Join Headquarters.—6. Time Expired: "Good-bye."

NOTES FROM AN INDIAN REST-CAMP

of the ships attempting to break through, but they were closely followed, so a retreat was resolved on by the Admiral, and the three vessels with their torpedo craft returned to their snug defensive positions behind the booms and mines of Bantry Bay."

THE CANADIAN REBELLION

POUNDMAKER and Big Bear have been the leading chieftains of the Indians who have taken part in the recent rising in Canada. Almost simultaneously with Riel's half-breed outbreak, Poundmaker, who is well known as one of the most restless chiefs in the North-West, began to give serious trouble, and committed the first Indian outrages. Issuing from his reserve near Battleford, he plundered and burned the houses in that town, killing several of the settlers. The remainder took refuge in the barracks, holding out for several days without food or water, many dying from starvation. When Colonel Otter and his relieving force arrived he found the garrison on the point of surrender. After a sharp conflict Poundmaker returned to his reserve at Cut Knife Creek, whence, as we illustrated last week, he was eventually driven by Colonel Otter. On the news of the surrender of Riel Poundmaker gave himself up. Big Bear, the only other chief of note who has taken part in the rising, resided in a stronghold some twelve miles from Fort Pitt—whence he captured last April.

Owing to the growing hostilities of the Indians, the factor, Mr. McLean, became alarmed, and visited Big Bear's camp. Big Bear then forced him to write a letter to the civilians at Fort Pitt, telling them to join the chief, or he (McLean) would be killed. The civilians complied, but the police refused. A fight ensued, and during the night the police escaped down the river, under the command of Mr. Dickens, a son of the famous novelist. General Strange was despatched against Big Bear, and at the end of May he was reinforced by General Middleton, the Commander-in-Chief. Big Bear, however, dividing his forces into two parts, succeeded in escaping into a country impassable for regular troops.—Our portraits of Poundmaker and Big Bear are from photographs forwarded by Mr. A. A. Davis of Winnipeg.

By far the most efficient weapon in Indian warfare is the field gun, and our sketch, by Lieut. A. E. Congdon, 1st Royal Munster Fusiliers, represents the handling of one of these weapons by a Canadian gun detachment. For convenience of movement over snow and frozen lakes, the gun is removed from its carriage, and placed on a kind of sleigh, while the gunners wear snowshoes. Their coats are looped up behind to give greater freedom to the legs. Ammunition for the gun is carried in waggons.

THE BLOCK IN THE SUEZ CANAL

"ON the 10th of June," writes Mr. Charles Royle, to whom we are indebted for the photograph from which the engraving is taken, "about four in the afternoon a *drague à long couloir*, or dredger with a long spout, was moored with her spout over the African bank of the Canal, a little to the southward of Kilo-metre 34. She was insufficiently moored, and her north mooring-chain parted, which led her to drift across the Canal, so that her spout came into a direction nearly parallel with the axis of the Canal. At this moment the steamer *Thomas Melville* was approaching, and before her way could be stopped sufficiently to avoid it, she collided with the long spout of the dredger. The Frenchman in charge of the dredger immediately telegraphed to Port Said that the English ship was not in fault.

"The Canal Company intend to make a channel round the dredger to enable vessels to pass." It was at first stated by the Canal Company that six days would suffice for this work, but more than ten days elapsed, and still the sunken dredger stopped the way, notwithstanding that dynamite has been utilised as a removing agent. Traffic, however, was resumed on the 21st inst., the canal having been duly widened. More than 110 ships were waiting to pass, and the hindrance to commerce was becoming exceedingly serious. The sunken dredger still remains, and several vessels have come into collision with it.

THE RESTORATION OF WESTMINSTER HALL

THE sketch which we give of the restoration of Westminster Hall is copied from Mr. Pearson's drawing contained in the Report laid before the Select Committee of the House of Commons. Mr. Pearson proposes to reface the north front of Westminster Hall, to raise the two towers a storey, to erect a low building at right angles to the Hall on the site of Henry III.'s "Great Exchequer Chamber," some remains of which were discovered upon pulling down the old Law Courts. The new building on this site will consist of a basement and a single storey, the basement being used as a horse-stand, &c., and the upper portion as a Committee Room. The whole length of the Hall, except the portion against which this building abuts, is to receive the addition of a kind of "double cloister" connecting the flying buttresses, and parallel with the west wall of the Hall. The chief object of this building is to protect the ancient Norman ashlar work, recently discovered, from injury by the weather. The old flying buttresses of the Hall are to be completed by the addition of pinnacles. Although this plan was approved of by the Committee and adopted, yet the opinions expressed by the various witnesses examined before the Select Committee were far from being unanimous. Some of them were of opinion that if anything at all was carried out on this site, the plan of the late Sir Charles Barry ought not to be ignored,* that although it might be inexpedient just at present to carry out his proposed "Land Front," yet nothing should be done to prevent its being built at some future time. Other witnesses considered that the west side of Westminster Hall was never intended to be visible, and had, in point of fact, always been concealed from view by buildings between it and St. Margaret's Street.

Exception was also taken to raising the towers, which it was contended would give the building too much of an ecclesiastical appearance. The low building on the site of the "Exchequer Chamber" was by some of the witnesses considered wanting in dignity, and it was suggested that, for the present at any rate, it would be better to erect a cloister and horse-stand of wood of a more or less temporary character.

Mr. Pearson, however, considered that he had discovered sufficient data for a double cloister of stone, and that, although there was no authority for heightening the towers, or for the treatment of the building on the site of the "Exchequer Chamber," yet he considered these works essential to the completion of his scheme, and this view was shared by a large number of the architects examined, and was ultimately adopted by the Committee.

NOTES FROM AN INDIAN REST CAMP

REST camps are formed annually at convenient halting-places along the line of rail from Bombay to Peshawur, usually about from seven to twelve hours' journey apart, for the convenience of troops passing up and down the lines during the trooping season. There the men, cramped from long confinement in the carriages, are able to stretch their legs and get a few hours' rest and a tub.

In the camps "Tommy Atkins" appears to the very worst advantage; the recruits dirty, often ragged, and always discon-

tented, grumbling and even insubordinate under the heavy stoppages from their pay on account of "ship's damages," loss of kit, &c. The time-expired men, with pockets full of money, and too often spending it recklessly in drink, apparently exult in the idea that they are already half-civilians, and delight therefore in appearing in the most motley uniforms imaginable. But they are mostly strong, healthy-looking fellows, whose appearance speaks well for the much-abused Indian climate. "Ignominy" men, too, in their sombre grey prison-dress, may constantly be seen *en route* to Bombay under escort.

Even the old "twenty-one years" man (now a great rarity) appears to disadvantage in these camps. He is usually the possessor of a shrill-voiced wife and a numerous family, averaging from three months to fourteen years of age, and close packing in a troop train does not seem to improve their tempers.

The sketches not only depict the Rest Camp life, but also follow the recruit to his regiment, where the wretched physique of some is looked upon with mingled disgust and pity by the Adjutant and Commanding Officer, while their utter inability to handle or even carry their arms drives drill-instructors mad. These "weeds," however, of course only form a per-centage of the drafts, many of whom are strong, thick-set youngsters, who promise to grow into fine men, and be a credit to their regiments before they, too, pass into the Reserve.—Our engravings are from sketches by a military officer.

THE AFFAIR ON THE KHUSHK RIVER IN THE VICINITY OF PENJDEH

See page 655

THE "BUCKSTONE"

VISITORS to Monmouthshire this summer will miss one of the most celebrated local curiosities—the well-known "rocking" or "Buckstone," near Stanton. Many have been the theories broached to account for the existence of this stone, some declaring that it was a Druidical monument, others that it was a relic of the glacial epoch, others again that its purposes were both judicial and religious—the guilt or innocence of prisoners when placed before their judges being determined by the motion or stability of the stone. The stone having withstood the rocking of generations of tourists was accidentally overturned by some members of a travelling Variety Company. Our engraving is from a water colour sketch by Major W. J. Fowler, R.A. Mr. Cecil V. Shadbolt also writes to us of the accident as follows:—"The celebrated 'Buckstone,' a mass of old red conglomerate rock, which until the week before last occupied a position on the heights about three miles from Monmouth, and 891 feet above the sea, was thrown down on the 10th inst. by six excursionists. While making the stone vibrate they used too much force, and after rocking twice it tilted over and fell from its lofty position into the wood below. Its greatest length on the top was nineteen feet, and breadth thirteen feet, the entire circumference being fifty-seven feet, and height twelve feet. The point on which it rested was about two feet only in diameter, and it stood on a large stone slab, on which it could be made to vibrate by using force.

"Some day, when a mob of them excursionists is all a rockin' of him together violent, he'll come down." Such has been the prophecy as to its fate of some of the old inhabitants of Stanton, the village close by; and so it has turned out.

"Two men were on the stone as it was falling, but both escaped uninjured. It was Crown property, and one of the chief attractions of the Wye Valley, the view from its immediate neighbourhood being a very extensive one, and of great beauty. The stone is now lying, point upwards, in the valley below." The Commissioners of Woods and Forests are making inquiries as to the cost of restoring the stone to its original position.

THE SOUDAN—GRAVES AT TANI

THIS sketch is by an officer of the Staffordshire Regiment with the Ambukol Column, who writes:—"Our little cemetery is situated on the bank of the river; from it the surrounding country can be seen for miles in all directions, with the river and its palm-clad banks dividing the scene.

"It is a pretty little spot, enclosed by a solid, dry stone wall, with graves neatly kept. No poor comrade buried here lies forgotten; for at the head of each grave a white tombstone has been erected, neatly engraved with a fitting inscription.

"In the left-hand top-corner lie the three officers who have died here, Captain A. L. Birch, R.W.K. Regiment; Lieutenants E. M. Williams, R.W.K. Regiment, and A. D. Homfray, 32nd.

"This little cemetery owes much to the pains and trouble taken in it by the Chaplain of the column, the Rev. F. Beamish."

ZEBEHR'S HOME AT GIBRALTAR

OUR engraving, from a photograph by G. D. Autz, shows the Governor's Cottage at Gibraltar, where Zebehr Pasha and his sons have been lodged during their enforced residence at Gibraltar. They were arrested by the British authorities in Egypt for complicity with the Mahdi, with whom they appear to have held treasonable communications, and were conveyed in H.M.S. *Iris* to our Rock fortress. There Zebehr Pasha, with his two sons and a foster son, accompanied by a valet and servant, were landed under the charge of Colonel Hackett, A.A.G. The Governor decided to accommodate the prisoners at the cottage at Europa, before which an officer's guard would be mounted every day—special precautions being taken to prevent any unauthorised person from holding communication with Zebehr and his sons.

RECENT EXCAVATIONS AT THE TEMPLE OF LUXOR

M. MASPERO, who is the Director of the Museum at Boulaq, and also inspector of all the antiquarian remains dispersed throughout Egypt, recently collected a fund of 30,000 francs, partly subscribed in England, but chiefly in France, for the purpose of clearing the Temple of Luxor from the heaps of rubbish and mean hovels beneath which it was buried. The work began during the past winter, and already the sanctuary and adjoining chambers have been cleared. More especially the curious room dedicated to the birth of Amenhotep III. is now distinctly visible. Restorations by Ramses III. and Shabatak in the south part of the building have also come to light, and it is quite probable that, as the work advances, some statues will be unearthed. But perhaps the architectural part is the most remarkable. The numberless columns lining the great square of Amenhotep III., although not yet cleared to the base, begin to show grandly, and the whole is loftier than the Ramesseum, so renowned for its fine pure style. Many visitors will find the Temple of Luxor to be something quite different from what they expected, the heaviness and oppressiveness supposed to characterise Egyptian architecture, which really belong to the temples of the Greek and Roman period of decline, being at Luxor conspicuous by absence.—Our engraving is from a photograph forwarded to us by Mr. J. H. Insinger, Cairo, Egypt.

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS"

THIS sketch, by Lieut.-Colonel H. Robley, represents a piper of the Argyllshire and Sutherland Highlanders astonishing the natives up-country in South Africa with the dulcet strains of the "great Hieland bagpipe—the pride of the world." To judge by their faces

the simple Caffres seem thoroughly to appreciate the martial music from Sandy's national instrument.

THE NEW ASSOCIATES OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY

MR. EDWARD BURNE-JONES was born in Birmingham in 1833, and, like most successful painters, displayed an early talent for drawing. He was educated at King Edward VI.'s School, and in 1853 entered Exeter College, Oxford, there meeting Mr. William Morris, also a freshman, with whom he has ever since been on the closest terms of friendship. The future poet and painter carried on their studies together, and three years later came up to London and for some years lived in the same lodgings. In London Mr. Burne-Jones seriously devoted himself to painting as a profession. He entered no school of art, his only master being Rosetti, whom he was wont to watch painting whenever that was possible. His first work, however, was not a painting, but consisted of designs in pen and ink very carefully finished. He then executed coloured cartoons for stained-glass windows and some small water-coloured pictures. His first oil painting was an altar-piece for St. Paul's Church, Brighton, a triptych of the Annunciation and Adoration of the Three Kings. Of Mr. Burne-Jones' subsequent career there is no need to speak here, his masterly pictures having long been one of the chief attractions of the London artistic season. In 1881 the honorary degree of D.C.L. was conferred upon him at Oxford, and on the following year he was made an Honorary Fellow of his old College. Mr. Burne-Jones is President of the Royal Society of Artists, Birmingham, for this year. Our portrait is from a photograph by Frederick Hollyer, 9, Pembroke Square, Kensington, W.

MR. HENRY MOORE was born at York in 1831, being the ninth son of William Moore, portrait painter. When merely a child he was always drawing whenever pencil and paper could be procured, chiefly animals. At fourteen he entered the local School of Design, and, sending up to South Kensington a water-colour drawing of flowers, was awarded a bronze medal. Meanwhile all his leisure time was spent in the fields, where animals of all kinds as well as trees and flowers were objects of constant study. A holiday visit to Bridlington gave him (at seven years of age) a first view of the sea, which made a deep impression, and created a desire to renew the acquaintance on every possible occasion. Mr. Moore first sent to the Royal Academy Exhibition in 1853 (Glen Clunie, Braemar), and entered the Academy Schools the same year. In 1853 and 1854 he went to the English Lakes, which gave him enlarged views and experience of the effects of sky and mist which he has so often attempted to paint, whether in combination with land or sea. In 1855 and 1856 he paid visits to Switzerland, and in 1857 exhibited the "Swiss Meadow in June," which attracted the favourable notice of Mr. Ruskin, who praised it in "Notes" of that year, in unqualified terms of approbation. Of his later works we need hardly speak, they are as fresh in the memory of many of our readers; but, of the larger landscapes, we may mention that in 1868 he exhibited "Summer Showers" at Suffolk Street, having become a Member of the Society of British Artists in the previous year (1867). He also at this time was one of the founders and a member of the first committee of the General Exhibition of Water-Colour Drawings and Sketches (Dudley Gallery). He also became an Associate and full Member of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours.—Our portrait is from a photograph by H. P. Robinson, Tunbridge Wells.

MR. J. W. WATERHOUSE was born at Rome, in 1849, and was educated partly in Kensington, and partly at Leeds; principally at the latter place, under one of the masters of the Grammar School there. He received his art education from the Royal Academy.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Sorgato, Venice.

WITH THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION

OUR sketches are by Sergeant R. E. Galindo, of the 8th Hussars, who writes:—"I send some types of the Afghan troops. The soldiers are samples of the only troops the Ameer has in these regions at present, and represent the sort of men who were massacred by the Russians in their unprovoked attack on Ak Tapa. They are armed only with muzzle-loaders, mostly Enfields. The cavalry carry a curved sabre without any guard to the hilt, the handle in fact going completely into the scabbard, all but about an inch. It is slung to rings on the convex side of the curve, in opposition to the mode in vogue with most European nations, and is a copy of the Cossack 'Schaska.'

"The Hazaras and Jamshedis are two of the 'Chahar Aimakh' tribes (the words mean 'four nomad' tribes), the other two being the Firozkohis and the Temuris, whose habitat is not within the disputed area. The Jamshedi is the most prepossessing in appearance, being of Persian descent, while the Hazara probably traces his ancestry to the Tatars. The latter is a light-hearted, harmless sort of fellow, but is regarded by the other tribes somewhat in the light that a Connaught man is regarded by other Irishmen, or a Gallego by other Spaniards.

"Although we are, of course, in ignorance of what may be happening in England, there is here a general impression that the days of the Commission are numbered, and that we may soon expect orders to return as expeditiously as possible to India. This idea has been confirmed by the sudden recall of the English members of the Mission by telegraph. General Sir Peter Lunsden and Captain Barrow (aide-de-camp) left here yesterday morning (May 9th), about 4 A.M. without any parade or ceremony (without even an escort), *en route* to Meshed. Colonel Stewart, the only other English member, is on a tour in the direction of Herat, and was consequently unable to accompany the General. Colonel Ridgeway, the Senior Indian Political Officer, now resumes command.

"The prospect of a speedy return is hailed by all as a relief. The anticipation of the break-up of the Mission shows itself in many minor ways, among which I was struck by one of our commissariat subordinates, who had been accustomed to ride a fiery steed of the 'untamed Arab' order, suddenly appearing on the humble but useful donkey. The change struck me as being really typical, in a small way, of the change that has latterly come over the Mission and its prospects."

"A LEAP FOR LIFE"

A NOVELETTE in two parts, illustrated by F. Dadd, is concluded in this number.

THE NEW CONSERVATIVE CABINET

See page 651

SUNRISE FROM MAGDALEN TOWER, OXFORD

A CURIOUS custom prevails at Magdalen College on May Day. At about four o'clock in the morning the choir of the College, with the clerks, chaplains, and organist, ascend the great tower and there await the hour of sunrise. As the first beams are descried over Headington, the choir raise the strains of a hymn. The origin of the custom, which probably dates from the foundation of the College, is unknown, but a writer in the *Globe* recently remarked that it derives a special significance from the position of Magdalen, which is situated at the extreme eastern frontier of the University, on the very banks of the classic Cherwell, which bounds the academic city on that side. Moreover, the slender and graceful square tower of Waynflete's College stands several feet taller than any other in the town, so that the first rays of the sun can be seen thence some seconds before they would be visible from any other spot in Oxford.

*As we have not sufficient space to point out the differences between Mr. Pearson's plans and those of the late Sir Charles Barry, we must refer our readers to the drawings representing Sir Charles Barry's design in the *Builder*, of January 24th and March 21st.

THE CONSERVATIVE CABINET

IN looking at the portraits of the Conservative Cabinet, given in our supplement, the reader will find many old familiar faces. Lord Randolph Churchill is understood to have made a lively protest against the "Old Gang" reappearing in the new Cabinet. But he has not been successful in any important instance. Sir Stafford Northcote, it is true, disappears from the House of Commons. But he reappears with added dignity in the other House, and finds his place in the Cabinet with the honourable sinecure of the office of First Lord of the Treasury. Of the old Beaconsfield Cabinet the two first names on the list have disappeared from politics. Earl Beaconsfield and Earl Cairns are dead. But all the rest reappear, the Viscount Sandon of the Disraelian Government now figuring as the Earl of Harrowby. The Marquis of Salisbury has, however, been compelled to introduce the new blood, of which Lord Randolph Churchill is the most distinguished and most advanced specimen. At the same time he could not be insensible of the personal and political claims of his old colleagues. He has met the difficulty by an easy expedient. Lord Beaconsfield's Cabinet consisted of thirteen persons. The Marquis of Salisbury has a Cabinet of sixteen, and the additional three are new men, though only one of them takes office for the first time.

This of course is Lord Randolph Churchill, of whom, and of whose remarkable political career, full account was recently given in *The Graphic*. Lord George Hamilton (First Lord of the Admiralty), who now appears as a Cabinet Minister for the first time, was Vice-President of the Council when Lord Beaconsfield's administration came to a sudden end. He is still a young man of considerable fluency in debate, and both at the India Office, where he was placed in 1874, and in his later appointments has displayed ability. Mr. Edward Stanhope is, like Lord George Hamilton, born of the governing classes. Both are young men, though few to look at them would suppose that Mr. Stanhope is five years older than his colleague and friend. By an odd coincidence Mr. Stanhope is now going through precisely the same sequence of official experience that Lord George Hamilton followed. He succeeded Lord George Hamilton as Under-Secretary of State for India, when in 1878 Lord George became Vice-President of the Council, and he now takes up Lord George's last position.

Mr. Gibson, whose acceptance of the office of Lord Chancellor of Ireland creates some surprise, is reckoned one of the best debaters on the Conservative Benches. He is certainly one of the most vigorous, and in one important particular is assured in advance of success in the House of Lords. He had a tremendous voice, which in the House of Commons he was, in the heat of argument, accustomed to uplift to the inconvenience of his immediate neighbours. He will be heard even in the House of Lords, which has been called "The Sepulchre of Voices." The fifth Minister who, for the first time, enters the Cabinet is Sir Hardinge Giffard. Sir Hardinge Giffard, after many vicissitudes at the poll, entered Parliament in 1877. He had at that time already been Solicitor-General for two years, and finally found a seat at Launceston. His career in the House of Commons has not been nearly so distinguished as were his efforts to enter it. But he will make a more or less dignified Lord Chancellor.

Lord Salisbury will combine in his person the offices of Foreign Secretary, which he filled in the last Conservative Government, Prime Minister, and the Leader of the House of Lords, being in each respect the most capable man. Lord Cranbrook, shouldered out of his old office by Lord Randolph Churchill, who becomes Secretary of State for India, is Lord President of the Council. The Duke of Richmond, who held office in the last Conservative Government, goes to the Board of Trade, where he will present a marked change from the last tenant of the office. Mr. Gathorne-Hardy (Lord Cranbrook) was well-known in the House of Commons, which he often heated with his fiery furious eloquence. He has been much quieter since he went to the House of Lords. The Earl of Harrowby, whose health is not robust, takes the dignified ease of the Lord Privy Seal. Sir R. Cross, to his own surprise, and that of every one else, returns to the Home Office, a post he administered with great ability in Lord Beaconsfield's reign. Mr. W. H. Smith, who is supposed to know all about the Admiralty, goes to the War Office, and Colonel Stanley, who had several years' experience in the War Office, goes to the Colonial Office.

Sir M. Hicks-Beach breaks new ground as Chancellor of the Exchequer, finance not having been a matter in which he has taken special interest, with the memorable exception of his amendment on the Budget which upset the Gladstone Ministry. Sir Michael will also be Leader of the House of Commons, having the great advantage of Lord Randolph Churchill's immediate companionship. Lord John Manners goes back to his old stand at the Post Office, and the Earl of Carnarvon, greatly daring, becomes Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. The courteous presence and kindly face of Sir Stafford Northcote are reluctantly bequeathed by the House of Commons to the House of Lords. They gain the Earl of Idlesleigh, and the House of Commons suffers the irreparable loss of Sir Stafford Northcote.



AS MAY BE SEEN by the foregoing article, the installation of a Conservative Ministry has not been accompanied by any changes in the distribution of the principal offices which was given in this column last week. Various additions, of greater or less importance, have however been made to the imperfect list then published. With regard to those Members of the Government not in the Cabinet, the Irish Secretaryship is given to Sir W. H. Dyke, who as Conservative whip has had frequent opportunities of practising the art of conciliation, and Mr. Plunkett becomes First Commissioner of Works. Mr. Arthur Balfour, Lord Salisbury's nephew, is to be President of the Local Government Board, and the farmer's friend, Mr. Chaplin, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, with the congenial control of the Agricultural Department. Mr. Bourke resumes his former office, the Under-Secretaryship of Foreign Affairs. Sir Henry Holland takes the Secretaryship to the Treasury, the office which in the last Conservative Government was filled by Sir W. H. Dyke. Sir Henry Drummond Wolff and Mr. Gorst make up with Mr. Dyke. Sir Arthur Balfour and Lord Randolph Churchill the Fourth Party. Sir Henry has been sworn a Privy Councillor, and will, it is understood, be sent on a special mission to Egypt, while Mr. Gorst is to receive a high legal appointment.

ADDRESSING HIS CONSTITUENTS at Brentford on Wednesday, the new First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord George Hamilton, said that if the new Ministry tries to carry on the business of the nation that by going to war, but by smoothing away misunderstanding with other countries and endeavouring to tranquillise troubles at home, such a policy should give them a strong and unanswerable claim at the General Election.

AMONG DISTINCTIONS CONFERRED at the instance of Mr. Gladstone Lord Kimberley receives a Garter, Viscounts Eversley and Sherbrooke are made G.C.B.'s, and Sir Harry Verney, M.P., and Sir Arthur Otway, M.P., are to be members of the Privy Council. Sir Ralph Lingens retires, with a peerage, from the permanent

Secretaryship of the Treasury, and to the other probable recipients of the same honour, previously named in this column, are now to be added Sir Nathaniel Rothschild, M.P., and Sir Edward Baring.

THE SEAT FOR WAKEFIELD, vacant through the death of Mr. Mackie, a Liberal, will be contested in the Conservative interest by Mr. Edward Green, formerly member for the borough, and in the Liberal by Mr. W. H. Lee. A close struggle is expected. At the General Election in 1880 Mr. Mackie was returned unopposed.

ON TUESDAY Mr. Goschen delivered, by invitation, to the Manchester Chamber of Commerce his expected address, one very lengthy, elaborate, and suggestive, on the condition and prospects of the trade of the country. He contested Lord Derby's recent statement that the increased yield of the Income Tax resulted from the increased wealth of our producers, maintaining on the contrary that it was the retailer, and that it could not be the producer, who profited by the fall in price of the chief raw materials of industry. However, if the profits of the manufacturer were smaller than they used to be, he was doing a sounder and steadier trade than in the days of high profits, which were generally followed by a collapse. Mr. Goschen did not fail to point out the stride in productive industry made of late years by various foreign countries, but as a set-off against this he laid stress on the enormous increase in our exports to our Colonies, pronouncing, in perhaps the most striking passage of his address, our chief hope to be that the teeming millions of the old country may find customers in the teeming and increasing millions of the Greater Britain beyond the seas.

AT AN INFLUENTIAL MEETING held at the Mansion House on Tuesday, to forward the establishment of the institution at the East End of London promoted by the Beaumont Trust, and previously referred to in this column, the first resolution was moved by the Prince of Wales, and seconded by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The institution is to include a school for technical education, a library and reading-room, a gymnasium, and a winter-garden, at which cheap concerts are to be given, while Lord Rosebery, who was present and moved a resolution, is to add a swimming bath at a cost of 2,500*l.* Beginning with their own fund of 10,000*l.* the Beaumont Trustees have now nearly 40,000*l.* promised them, which includes a munificent donation of 20,000*l.* from the Drapers' Company. An excellent site in the Whitechapel Road has been offered by the Charity Commissioners at the valuation price of 22,500*l.*

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE has appointed Lieutenant-Colonel H. F. Eaton, Grenadier Guards, to the command of the camp at Wimbledon during the approaching meeting of the National Rifle Association.

DURING THE FIRST THREE DAYS OF THE WEEK the Statistical Society of London, founded in 1834, celebrated the jubilee which would have been held last year but for the death of the Duke of Albany. The occasion has attracted a number of foreign visitors, who, with the Council of the Society, were received by Lord and Lady Granville on Monday, and afterwards entertained at luncheon by the Lord Mayor. Addresses were delivered and papers read by British and foreign statisticians, including an elaborate one by Mr. R. Giffen on "some general uses of statistical knowledge," and on Tuesday there was a jubilee dinner at the Criterion, followed by speeches. In proposing the toast of "The Sister Societies," Sir James Caird spoke highly of the valuable information collected and diffused by the Bureau of Agriculture in the United States, expressing a wish that it might be imitated by the Agricultural Department recently created in this country.

A FIRE broke out on Monday morning in the Lambeth Works of Messrs. Doulton and Co., the well-known manufacturers of art and other pottery. In spite of the speedy arrival and action of a number of fire-engines, the flames were not subdued before ten o'clock, by which time the roof of a building of four floors, used as engine-house, manufactory, and stores, was burnt off and its contents destroyed.

IN THE TERRIBLE EXPLOSION AT THE CLIFTON COLLIERY last week 180 lives were lost, and 85 widows and 279 children are rendered destitute. The Colliery Club Fund of 10,800*l.* will be absorbed in relieving them, and 15,000*l.* will have to be raised to make adequate provision for their wants. An appeal to the public is being made, and is being adequately responded to.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in his fifty-seventh year, of Mr. R. Mackie, since 1880 M.P. for Wakefield, and President of its Chamber of Commerce; in his fifty-seventh year, of Major-General Fane, of the Madras Staff Corps, who had seen much service in India and China; of Dr. Heslop, a consulting physician of great reputation in Birmingham and the Midlands, and a munificent benefactor of the Mason College of that town; in his sixty-fourth year, of the Rev. Dr. Hugh Martin, Minister of Free Greyfriars, Edinburgh, a prominent member of the Free Church of Scotland since the disruption, and the author of many theological and devotional works; of another distinguished resident member of Trinity College, Cambridge, the Rev. E. W. Blore, known to several generations of undergraduates as one of the most popular tutors of Trinity; and of Mr. W. S. W. Vaux, the accomplished and amiable scholar, numismatist, and orientalist, much regretted by a large circle of friends. Mr. Vaux was the son of a late Prebendary of Winchester, and in 1841, the year after taking his B.A. degree at Balliol College, Oxford, he entered the Department of Coins and Medals in the British Museum, of which he rose to be the Keeper. In 1876, having left the Museum he became Secretary to the Royal Asiatic Society, an office which he retained until his death. He was also for some time Secretary to the Royal Society of Literature. Besides making many valuable contributions to numismatic and archaeological literature, he wrote the Handbook to the Antiquities of Greek, Assyrian, Egyptian, and Etruscan Art in the Museum, an excellent work on Ancient Assyria and Persia, entitled "Nineveh and Persepolis," and for the S.P.C.K. two popular books on "Persia to the Arab Conquest" and on the "Greek Cities of Asia Minor."

THE POSTAL CHANGES, which come into force on July 1, are of considerable importance. By the establishment of special mail trains, letters may for the future be posted later in London, and yet arrive earlier throughout Scotland and the provinces. Thus, letters for the Scotch night mail may be posted in any office or box up to 6 P.M.; at St. Martin's until 7.45 P.M., with a late fee of ½*d.*; and at the late letter-box at Euston Station up to 8.20, and in the travelling post office till the train's departure at 8.30 under similar conditions. These mails will reach Aberdeen forty minutes earlier, and Inverness one hour and forty minutes sooner than at present. For Lancashire and North and South Wales a new 10 P.M. train will run, letters being taken at St. Martin's up to 9 P.M. on the extra fee; while there will be a midnight train to Manchester and Liverpool carrying mails posted at the district offices before 10.30, and at St. Martin's up to 10.45 P.M. Again, letters for the general provincial mail can be put in any pillar-box up to 6 P.M., with an extra ½*d.* up to 7 P.M. in the pillar and ordinary boxes, and until 7.30 P.M. in the district offices, and at St. Martin's until 7.45 P.M. In most London districts letters posted by 7 P.M. will be delivered the same night in that and some adjoining districts. The parcels post to India, British Burmah, Aden, Gibraltar, and Egypt begins on the same date. The rates are 1*s.* per lb. for India, and for Egypt 1*s.* 3*d.* for the first 2 lbs. and 7*d.* for each additional pound, the maximum weight being 7 lb. It is also promised that parcels sent by post may shortly be insured.



KENTISH CHERRIES will be plentiful this year, the crop being excellent in most districts of the "Garden of England."

GENERAL GRANT'S BOOK is most eagerly awaited across the Atlantic, and over a million copies are expected to be sold.

REINDEER are to be acclimatised in the higher regions of the Bohemian Mountains, where the climate is believed to be favourable to the experiment.

DUBLIN hoisted her new municipal flag for the first time on Monday. It is bright green, with the civic arms of three white castles in the upper corner near the pole, and a golden Irish harp in the opposite corner.

A FAMILIAR PARISIAN FEATURE is likely soon to disappear—the toy cannon in the Palais Royal, fired daily by the sun at noon ever since 1788. The tiny piece is the delight of the French *bébes* and their nurses, while even many sober elders set their watches by the daily report.

TWO AFGHAN SNOW-LEOPARDS, OR OUNCES, are on their way to England. They were caught on the Afghan mountains by a shekary of the British mission, and acquired by Sir Peter Lumsden, who gives them to the Zoological Gardens. These creatures are particularly valuable, as a live ounce is rarely caught, and has never been seen in England.

A PRACTICAL USE FOR ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS is suggested to us by a South Shields correspondent, who writes, that having taken in *The Graphic* for many years, he utilised the illustrations for papering his rooms. Having built a new house he papered four bedrooms and an office with the pictures, had them sized and varnished, and "most beautiful they look. I have had many of my friends to see them, and all are delighted. It requires some little taste to arrange the engravings."

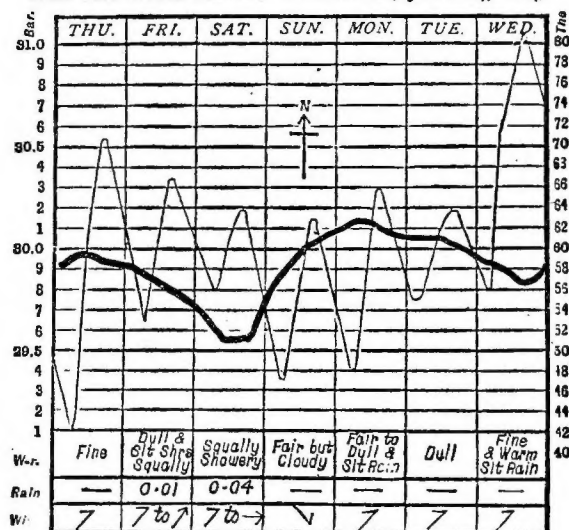
THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND'S AFFECTIONATE SENTIMENTS TOWARDS PRUSSIA, the despoiler of his heritage, have been somewhat curiously displayed of late, if we are to credit a story in the *American Register*. The Duke is now building a castle at Gmunden, on the Traunsee, and has ordered the iron-work for the hothouses from a Leipzig manufacturer, with the stipulation that none of the men employed thereon shall be either native or naturalised Prussians, and that no engineer superintending the work shall have passed his State examination in a Prussian institution, or be in any way connected with the Prussian State. The chief engineer has even been obliged to show his baptismal record. This is Boycotting with a vengeance.

HOT LOCUST FOR BREAKFAST has been tried with great success by the head entomologist at Washington, United States. Professor Riley chose the cicada, or seventeen year locust, which he declares would be esteemed a rare bit—vulgar prejudice being overcome—and fit to rank with such out-of-the-way delicacies as frogs' legs, bird's nest, and whitebait. He spent an hour gathering the locusts, which looked beautiful when fresh—"creamy white and plump, and good enough to eat raw." When fried they appeared as small dark brown objects, like tiny fried oysters, and on a friend of the Professor, venturing to bite one, it proved to be little else than a delicate shell with a flavour far from disagreeable. The Professor thinks, however, they would be better stewed in milk.

A PRECIOUS MANUSCRIPT FRAGMENT OF THE NEW TESTAMENT has been found among the manuscripts which Archduke Rainer of Austria brought home from El Fayoum, in Egypt, two years ago. It comprises a chapter parallel with St. Matthew xxvi., verses 30 to 34 and St. Mark xiv., verses 26 to 30, but differing from these versions more than these two Evangelists vary from each other, and is believed to be the copy of a manuscript older than those from which the accepted versions of Sts. Matthew and Mark are taken. Though its style, terse, vigorous, and clear, apparently belongs to the first century, the fragment appears to have been written about the year 300 A.D. It is a small scrap of seven lines, containing 105 words, and possibly a similar amount are missing. The most notable difference consists in the omission of Our Lord's prophecy that after He had risen He would go before the Apostles into Galilee. The papyrus is now being examined by a Viennese Orientalist, and a *fac simile* will shortly be published.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24, 1885



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during the past week has been changeable, rather showery, and decidedly cool generally.

These conditions have been brought about by the passage along our north-western coasts and across Scotland of depressions travelling in a north-easterly or easterly direction; pressure meanwhile being high over France.

South-westerly, veering to north-westerly, winds (which blew with some strength at many of our western and southern stations) prevailed during the earlier part of the time, while subsequently they backed to the southward again, and fell moderate to light generally.

Dull, cool weather was experienced at the majority of our stations, with showers almost daily.

Temperature has been very low generally for the time of year; maxima failed to exceed 70° (except on one occasion in London and at Cambridge) until after Tuesday, when decidedly higher readings were registered over south-eastern England.

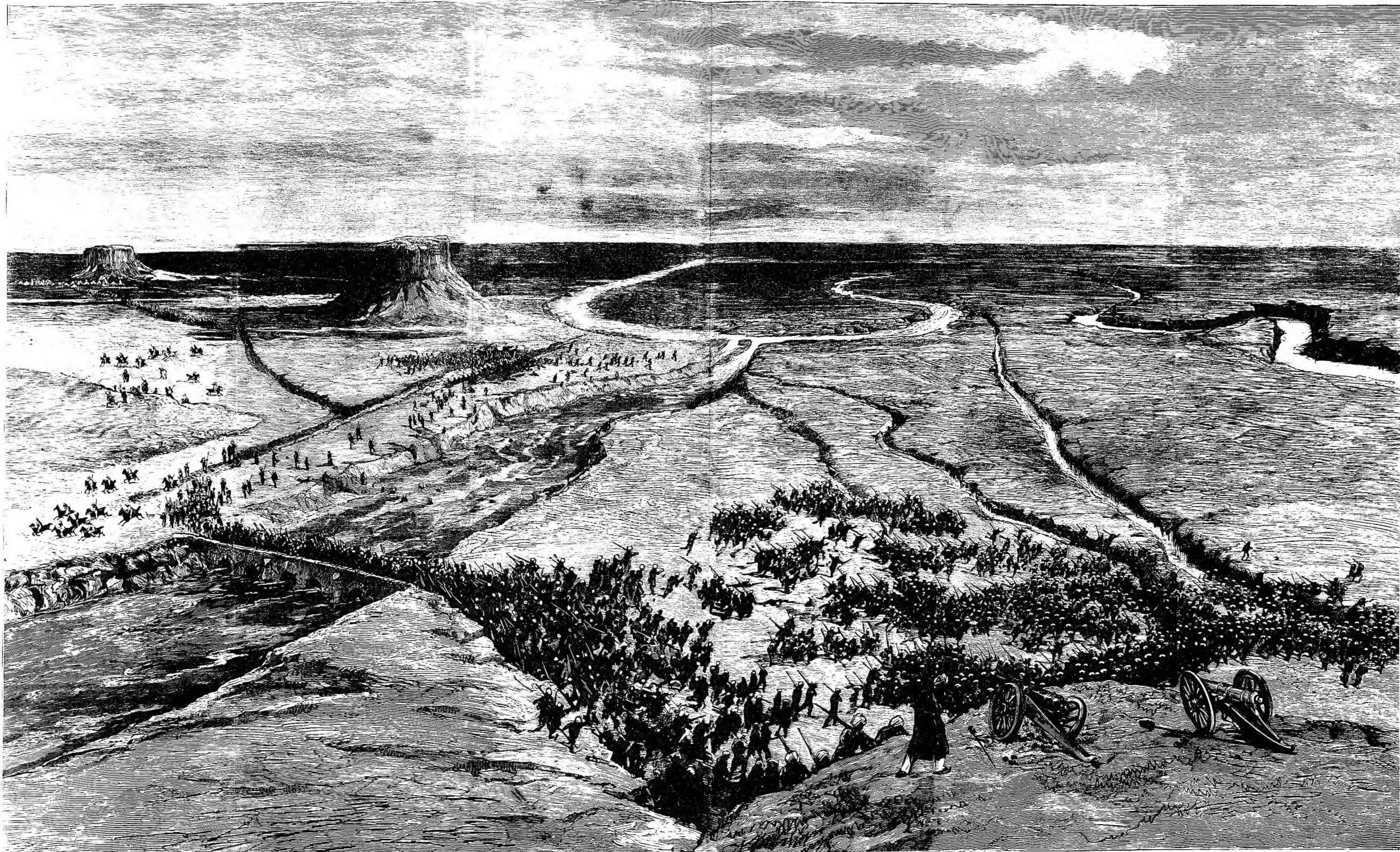
Rain fell on two days. Total amount 0.05 inch. Greatest fall in one day, 0.04 inch on Saturday.

The barometer was highest (30.16 inches) on Monday (22nd inst.); lowest (29.53 inches) on Saturday (20th inst.); range, 0.63 inches. Temperature was highest (82°) on Wednesday (24th inst.); lowest (42°) on Thursday (18th inst.). Range 40°.

KIZIL-TAPA
THE RUSSIAN CAMP

RUSSIAN TROOPS STORMING THE AFGHAN TRENCHES AND BAYONETTING THE DEFENDERS

MURGHAB RIVER



AFGHAN CAVALRY IN FLIGHT PURSUED BY TURCOMAN HORSEMEN
TUT-KHISHI, OR BRICK BRIDGE OVER THE KHUSHK, CROWDED WITH RETREATING AFGHANS

AFGHANS RETREATING TO AK-TAPA, 400 YARDS IN REAR OF THE FOREGROUND

AFGHAN GUNS DESERTED

THE AFFAIR ON THE KHUSHK RIVER IN THE VICINITY OF PENJDEH

FROM A DESCRIPTION BY CAPTAIN ARTHUR F. BARROW, PRIVATE SECRETARY AND ADC. TO GENERAL SIR PETER LUMSDEN



THE conclusion of the British Ministerial crisis has been eagerly awaited throughout the Continent, where, after the first burst of lively criticism, most countries have come to the conclusion that the change of Cabinet will not at present materially alter England's foreign policy. So especially declares GERMANY in a semi-official statement in the *Cologne Gazette*,—apparently a hint to outspoken journals to moderate their remarks. Germany's position in Europe cannot be affected by a change of Cabinet in a foreign country, protests the writer, for her policy is purely national, and is not conducted with regard to foreign Ministers. Non-official writers are much exercised about the power to be wielded in the new Administration by Lord Randolph Churchill, whom one journal flatteringly compares to Bismarck in his youth, while another doubts whether "the Churchill heaven will make the heavy Conservative dough rise satisfactorily, or entirely destroy the loaf." FRANCE scoffs somewhat at Lord Salisbury's administration as being dependent on Mr. Gladstone's influence, while AUSTRIA thinks the settlement most satisfactory. RUSSIA, while insisting on the moderate and pacific disposition of the St. Petersburg Cabinet, asserts that Lord Salisbury's recent invectives against Russia will exercise no fatal influence on their mutual relations. "It would not be surprising," says the *Nord*, "if a Russophile of the Opposition, once Minister, should not prove a Russophobic Minister." Nevertheless, the Russians are decidedly anxious about the Ameer's warlike preparations in AFGHANISTAN, particularly on hearing that Abdurrahman is concentrating his troops under his personal command, and is moving detachments towards the frontier well armed with the weapons recently presented by the Indian Government. So they are trying to persuade fresh tribes to accept Russian rule, the Jamshidi and the Hazara being the latest acquisitions, according to report. On our side the new British Agent, Colonel Ataulah Khan, has gone to join the Ameer at Cabul, and the so-called Delimitation Mission remains at Sinjao, a short distance from Herat.

FRANCE has been fully engrossed by Chinese affairs, and though the much lauded Treaty of Peace has fallen somewhat flat, the revelations in Admiral Courbet's letters have decidedly enlivened the situation. Since the Treaty has been laid before the Chamber, people are asking what advantages France now gains over last year's Tientsin Convention, after twelve months' additional expenditure of blood and money. No indemnity is forthcoming, the territory acquired in Formosa and the Pescadores is relinquished, and the trade prospects do not equal expectation, while the hopes of plentiful work for French engineers in China grows faint, as the Celestial Empire merely promises to employ Frenchmen when the railways are constructed. Annam is formally placed under French rule, and China engages not to interfere with Tonkin, whose frontier will be fixed by a joint commission. The Treaty bears evident marks of haste, and it is the general opinion that M. Jules Ferry hurried its conclusion, anxious for the credit of obtaining peace. Indeed, M. Ferry is just now the most heartily abused man in France. "*Ces Misérables*"—"ces *polichinelles-là*," Admiral Courbet styles the late Ministers in the numerous letters to private friends, in which the late Commander of the Chinese squadron vented his wrath at being kept inactive by home orders, and which are now vastly entertaining the French public; while all the Admiral's complaints may not have been justified, his strictures on the state of the fleet seem true enough. Indeed, many of the ships are not safe to make the voyage home. Notwithstanding the Admiral's abuse of his superiors, he is to have a national funeral in the Invalides before interment at his native place, Abbeville. He was a devout Catholic, so his family would not consent to any honours in the secularised Pantheon. Somewhat extra attention has been paid to the Courbet incident, owing to the approaching elections, for which all parties are making ready to battle. M. Clémenceau and the Extreme Left are first in the field with a lengthy manifesto, which condemns recent Colonial Policy, the Church, present taxation, railway management, and most existing arrangements but offers no specially satisfactory remedies. In Bonapartist circles the Jeromists are trying to curry favour with the Reds in opposition to the followers of Prince Victor, who lean towards the Monarchists, but have met with a very unpromising greeting at Belleville. The Chamber is much displeased with the Budget, which announces a deficit of twelve millions sterling.

Details of the British forces' retirement form the sole news from EGYPT. General Buller and his troops have finally come away from Dongola, leaving the town absolutely deserted. Nearly 13,000 inhabitants have fled the city, and at present all is quiet on the Nile. Meanwhile the late comrades of the British in the Sudan, the Australian Contingent, have received a splendid welcome home to NEW SOUTH WALES. Sydney kept public holiday, all the colonial forces turned out, and neighbouring colonies sent representatives, while the Governor, Lord A. Loftus, congratulated the Contingent most warmly on behalf of the Queen, declaring that the sympathy of the colonies towards England has practically established an Imperial Federation.

Further serious difficulties for SPAIN have arisen out of the grave trouble of the cholera epidemic. Furious with the Ministry for their unusual frankness at openly declaring the existence of cholera in Madrid and part of Spain—instead of hushing up such unpleasant facts like most foreign authorities—the Madrilenes protested formally by shutting every shop and house in the capital on Saturday. The people crowded the streets, and though cordial to the King and Queen passing by on their weekly visit to the Atocha Church, they made an unpleasant demonstration against the Civil Governor, who injudiciously sent out the Civil Guard. This at once roused bad feeling, riot ensued, and at night the troops were called out, though order reigned again by next morning. Meanwhile the Ministry threatened to resign if the King fulfilled his intention of visiting the cholera-stricken districts in Murcia. They declared such a course to be dangerous to the dynasty, as, if King Alfonso caught the disease, the only direct heir to the throne is a baby Princess. The King, however, yielded, and the Ministry remained in office. The epidemic has decidedly increased this week, and the city of Murcia is in a most distressing condition. Half the shops are closed, 30,000 people have fled, and the villagers bring nothing to the market, so that great scarcity exists. Cases are now reported in the province of Huesca, near the French frontier, and the province of Valencia is suffering very severely.

ITALY is another victim to Ministerial crises. For some time past Signor Mancini, the Foreign Minister, has been growing steadily unpopular, chiefly owing to his policy regarding England. Last week the Budget estimates proved the Cabinet's ruin, a scanty Government majority of four entailing their resignation. Parallels are freely drawn between the British and Italian Government defeat; for, while both fell on the Budget question, it is considered that Signor Mancini, like Mr. Gladstone, may trace the real source of his troubles to Egypt. Italy has not forgiven him for his refusal to co-operate with England in 1882, nor for the futile occupation of Massawah. Meanwhile there has been much delay in forming a Ministry, though at last Signor Depretis, the present Premier, has

undertaken to construct a fresh Cabinet without Signor Mancini. Leo XIII. has soundly rated the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris for advising a less moderate Papal policy, and firmly maintains the right of the Pontiff to choose his own path, and to claim unqualified submission.

The question of governing Alsace-Lorraine is again prominent in GERMANY, due to the death of Marshal Manteuffel, who well ruled the conquered provinces, though naturally he was no favourite there. It is, indeed, suggested to appoint Prince William Regent, but nothing is yet settled. The deceased Marshal has been buried, at his own request, in his Silesian estates at Topper with great simplicity. Emperor William is fairly well, and has at last gone to Ems, whence he visits Gastein, and will probably meet the Austrian Emperor at Ischl early in August.

In INDIA the Cashmere earthquakes continue most disastrous, and last week the town of Baramula was completely demolished. Over 3,000 persons have been killed, 73,000 houses ruined, and thousands of live stock destroyed, so that the distress is intense. Happily no Europeans have been injured, though some English ladies at Srinagar narrowly escaped. The Jheelum Valley, from Srinagar to Doodhpatha, has experienced the worst shocks. Heavy rain has fallen in Bengal, relieving much anxiety about famine.

The Indian rising in CANADA is fast dying out. Though Big Bear still remains at large the Wood and Cree Indians have deserted him, and have come into Fort Pitt, bringing the remaining prisoners. The object of the Expedition is thus attained, so General Middleton has left the rebellious chief to himself, expecting that starvation will bring him to terms. Garrisons will be kept at the chief posts, but active operations are over for the present, and the interest of the rebellion now centres in Riel's forthcoming trial. After all, no satisfactory agreement has yet been made with the United States respecting the Canadian fisheries when the Washington Treaty expires next Wednesday. Both Canadian and American authorities are ordered to enforce the full duty on all imports of fish and fish oils into the respective territories.

The UNITED STATES have been busy welcoming two distinguished arrivals, Mr. Lowell and the Bartholdi statue. The late Minister to England was interviewed immediately, and was highly communicative, speaking warmly of his personal relations with the Old Country. He thinks Lord Salisbury an able leader, who will find much trouble ahead, and who, despite his connection with the war party, must carry out Mr. Gladstone's Russian policy now that he bears the responsibility of office. The Irish difficulty Mr. Lowell believes will be settled peaceably, though he considers that the Government gave Ireland more than justice demanded, and that few Irish statesmen are true patriots, Mr. Parnell excepted. The famous Liberty statue duly arrived in the *Isère*, and was formally handed over to the American people with great ceremony, the American vessels escorting the French ships into New York Harbour in a most imposing procession. General Grant is a trifle better.

Among MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS, the workmen's strike at Brünn, in AUSTRIA, caused by the new labour law, has ended in a compromise. The working day is now fixed at 10¾ hours (a decrease of a quarter of an hour), and on Mondays and Saturdays is an hour shorter. The men are contented, and Brünn is quiet again after a few days' great disturbance.—PORTUGAL is organising her new Congo district, which will remain under the authority of the Governor of Angola, the seat of the Government being fixed at Cabinda. Her neighbour, SPAIN, obtains the sovereignty over the Sulu Archipelago, while yielding to England all her rights over that part of Borneo formerly belonging to the Sultan of Sulu. Spain promises freedom of commerce and navigation between Sulu and England and Germany, while England pledges herself to maintain similar liberty for all nations in the British North Borneo Company's territories.—In SOUTH AFRICA, the Cape Parliament will consider the Bechuanaland Question next Monday. Sir Charles Warren warmly recommends that the province should be governed as a Crown colony, and not annexed to the Cape.



THE forty-eighth anniversary of the Queen's accession was commemorated on Saturday. Her Majesty's reign has now been exceeded in length by that of three British Sovereigns only—the third Henry, Edward, and George, who respectively reigned for fifty-six, fifty, and sixty years. On Sunday Her Majesty, Princess Beatrice, and Princess Leiningen attended Divine Service in the Frogmore Mausoleum, where the Dean of Windsor officiated, and in the evening the Dean, Viscount Bridport, and Sir H. Ponsonby dined with the Queen. Princess Leiningen left on Tuesday, when Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice again went to Frogmore, and Lord Salisbury had audience of Her Majesty to kiss hands on taking office. On Wednesday the Queen received the members of the late and the new Cabinet to transfer the seals of office, and held two Councils, the Prince of Wales being present. The Court is now in mourning until Tuesday next for Prince Frederick Charles.

The Prince of Wales on Saturday witnessed the cricket-match between I Zingari and the Second Life Guards at Windsor. He then joined the Princess and daughters and Prince George at Virginia Water, where the usual picnic was held. The Prince and Princess and their family stayed Sunday at Easthampstead Park, and came up to town on Monday, where they were joined by Prince Albert Victor. The Prince and his son went to the French Plays, and afterwards accompanied the Princess and Princess Louise to Lord and Lady Carrington's ball. On Tuesday the Prince was present at the Mansion House meeting connected with the Beaumont Trust scheme for the technical education and recreation of East Londoners, and went to the House of Lords, while in the evening the Prince and Princess with their eldest son dined at the French Embassy. Next day the Princess and her daughters opened a bazaar in aid of the North Eastern Hospital for Children and went to the Royal Military Tournament, while in the evening the Prince and his daughters were present at the concert given by the pupils of the Royal College of Music, and afterwards the Prince and Princess went to Lady Rothchild's ball. Prince Albert Victor took up the freedom of the Fishmongers' Company, and dined with the Prime Warden and Court of the Company, while on Thursday he was to preside at the anniversary and inspection of the training-ship *Warspite*. Last night the Prince and Princess of Wales and their son and daughter would attend the State Ball at Buckingham Palace. Now that Prince Albert Victor has attained his majority, and finished his university career, his former tutor and governor, the Rev. J. N. Dalton, has retired, after fourteen years' service, and Capt. the Hon. A. Greville, second son of the Earl of Warwick, has been appointed Equerry to the Prince.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh returned to town from Ascot on Saturday, and were joined by their children from Eastwell. On Monday the Duchess and her children opened a bazaar at Langford, Brixton Rise, on behalf of the Girls' Friendly Society, and on Tuesday evening the Duchess left for the Continent, travelling by Flushing to Amsterdam, and thence to Zandvoort to stay with the

Grand Duchess Vladimir. The Duke remains in town for the present. —Princess Beatrice's marriage is definitely fixed for July 23rd at Whippingham Church, where the Archbishop of Canterbury will perform the ceremony, assisted by the Bishop of Winchester, the Dean of Windsor, and Canon Prothero. The honeymoon is to be spent at Quarr Abbey, Lady Cochrane's residence.



AFTER prolonged delay, during which the unexpected seemed several times to be on the verge of happening, Mr. Gladstone's Government has been finally disposed of, and Lord Salisbury and his friends reign in their stead. On Friday last week the House of Commons met under circumstances of great excitement. On the previous day currency had been obtained for a rumour that there was a hitch in the Conservative arrangements. It was said that Lord Salisbury, as a preliminary to taking office, had demanded from Mr. Gladstone assurance that the Conservative Government should be permitted to go their way unassailed, that Mr. Gladstone had declined such an undertaking, and that Lord Salisbury had consequently withdrawn from his pledge to form a Ministry. Both Houses were well filled, the Commons being densely crowded. Outside there was presented the feature which for the past fortnight has been one of our permanent Parliamentary institutions. A great crowd gathered in Downing Street, straggling down Parliament Street, and, spreading out again in dense lines at the gates of Palace Yard, awaiting the arrival and departure of Mr. Gladstone, who, accustomed to such demonstrations in the country, was evidently a little surprised at this newly-awakened demonstration of personal affection on the part of Londoners.

Sir Stafford Northcote, a less familiar figure, passed through the outside crowd almost unrecognised. But when he entered the House of Commons he was greeted with a burst of cheering which evidently took him aback. He had not been seen in the Commons since the previous Monday, where Lord Randolph Churchill had suddenly turned upon him, and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, to the surprise and openly-expressed indignation of the House, had deserted him and gone over to the enemy. In the mean time the announcement had been made that Sir Stafford Northcote had been raised to the Peerage, and he was not expected any more in his old familiar place. Members on both sides, irrespective of politics, gladly seized this opportunity of paying a personal tribute to the veteran Conservative statesman, and cheers rose again and again as he took his seat.

The good humour of the House, which has been developed almost to boisterousness since the Gladstone Ministry fell, was on Friday threatened with disturbance from a quarter only too well known. Mr. Bradlaugh had written to the Speaker withdrawing his pledge not to attempt to take his seat, and intimating that as soon as the new Ministry was formed he would present himself at the table. It was expected that the old game would be played over again. Sir Stafford Northcote would move a resolution excluding Mr. Bradlaugh from the precincts of the House; Mr. Labouchere would defend his colleague; perhaps Mr. Gladstone would be dragged into the controversy; and after a division the business of the day would go forward. It started in due form by Sir Stafford Northcote asking Mr. Gladstone what steps he would advise the House to take. Mr. Gladstone adroitly reminded him that the new Ministry was not yet settled, and, as Mr. Bradlaugh had fixed upon the completion of that event as the signal for his advance to the table, it would be as well to await it.

The Premier's next statement ominously confirmed the premises of his first. He had, he said, received from Lord Salisbury information that he would move the adjournment of the House of Lords till Tuesday, and there remained for him only to make a similar motion with respect to the sittings of the House of Commons. This was in Mr. Gladstone's usual diplomatic manner. Every one was burning with curiosity and anxiety to know whether there was a hitch, as reported in the papers, and to what extent it was serious. Mr. Gladstone's statement implied confirmation of the current reports, but gave nothing in the way of particulars. He was not, however, to be let off thus easily. Mr. Labouchere, who in these troublesome times has assumed the functions of friendly questioner, alluded to the reports, and asked for fuller information. His declaration of "strong objection to any support being given to the Conservatives in the event of their taking office" drew forth a significant demonstration of approval from the Liberal side. Thus cornered, Mr. Gladstone admitted the hitch, and promised that the correspondence on the subject, taking place between himself and Lord Salisbury through the intermediary of the Queen, should, when completed, be made public. There was evidently nothing more to be learned, and the House forthwith adjourned.

In the mean while, events of a more exciting character had been taking place in the House of Lords. The motion for the adjournment till Tuesday was agreed to without remark. But when Lord Salisbury interposed to prevent the Seats Bill advancing its ultimate stage the storm of party wrath broke forth. The position certainly was a little curious. On the previous Monday Lord Randolph Churchill had opposed the consideration of the Lords Amendments to the Seats Bill, on the specific ground that there was no responsible Government, and that to take so important a step in such circumstances would create a dangerous precedent. Lord Randolph had then been warned that he was running directly counter to Lord Salisbury's view—a statement confirmed by Sir Stafford Northcote. Then had come the revolt, the scolding of Lord Randolph Churchill for his insubordination, and finally the announcement that he was to be a Cabinet Minister and Secretary of State for India. On Friday the Seats Bill reached the Lords in due course, having been hastened through the Commons with the assistance of Sir Stafford Northcote and the large majority of the Conservative party. Lord Salisbury stayed its progress on the very ground which Lord Randolph Churchill had taken up in the Commons on the previous Monday. A remark the noble marquis let fall gave added significance to his position: "There being no responsible Government in existence, the Queen," he said, "would, if the Bill passed, be deprived of the opportunity of dissolving Parliament before November."

This observation, quietly made, gave voice to the terrors of Lord Kimberley. Was it possible, he asked in a shocked voice, that Lord Salisbury intended to take a General Election on the old register? The news carried to the House of Commons created a profound sensation. Lord Salisbury, it was said, had sprung a mine upon the country, and meant to hold in his hand, pending the settlement of the Ministry, this thunderbolt of immediate dissolution. Lord Granville and the Liberal Peers protested in vain. They even took a division, and, being defeated by more than two to one, the Seats Bill was postponed, and chaos seemed to have come again.

On Tuesday both Houses met, and the whole aspect of affairs changed as suddenly as it had altered on Friday. Lord Salisbury was not in his place, and for the best of all reasons. He had gone down to Windsor to accept the Seals of Office from the Queen. The Seats Bill passed without remark except from Lord Denman, and their lordships even had time to turn to the consideration of so prosaic an affair as a Bill dealing with the Women's Suffrage

question. In both Houses it was announced that Lord Salisbury had accepted office, and there remains now, as far as the Commons are concerned, only the task of issuing the writs for elections in the counties and boroughs vacated by new Ministers accepting office. This was begun on Wednesday, and will be practically completed this (Friday) afternoon. A week will elapse in order to carry on the necessary elections, and on Monday week both Houses of Parliament will assemble under the guidance of a Conservative Government to wind up the business of the Session and of this memorable Parliament.



DR. WALSH has been at last appointed Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin.

THE PREBENDAL STALL IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, vacant by the promotion of Dr. Giffard to the Archdeaconry of London, has been conferred by the Bishop of London on the Rev. Robert Eyton, Sub-Almoner to the Queen and Rector of Holy Trinity, Chelsea.

A SUM SUFFICIENT TO PRODUCE £2,500 yearly has been procured for the Bristol Bishopric Endowment Fund; but a further sum of 46,000*l.* must be raised before effect can be given to the Episcopal Act. A munificent Churchman has offered to subscribe 10,000*l.* on the condition that twice that sum be raised in the next two years.

THIS WEEK 21,000*l.* has been received for the Hospital Sunday Fund. Among the larger contributions not previously recorded in this column are 45*l.* from St. Peter's, Eaton Square; 300*l.* from St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and St. Mary's, Graham Street; 168*l.* from Portman Chapel; 133*l.* from Holy Trinity, Upper Chelsea; 117*l.* from St. Stephen's, Paddington; 114*l.* from St. Paul's, Wilson Road; 112*l.* from St. Peter's, Bayswater; and 100*l.* from St. Paul's, Avenue road.

AT THE RECENT MEETING OF THE CHURCH DEFENCE INSTITUTION, the Bishop of Durham presiding, it was resolved that its members should make common cause with the Established Church of Scotland. Among the Scotch Presbyterian speakers were Dr. Phin, an ex-Moderator of the Kirk; and Mr. Campbell, M.P. for Glasgow and Aberdeen Universities. Lord Egerton of Tatton moved, and the Dean of Windsor seconded, a resolution expressive of sympathy with the Scotch Establishment.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, Mr. Beresford Hope, M.P., and the Rev. P. Brooke, of Boston, U.S., were among the speakers at a meeting in Westminster to support the Cambridge Delhi Mission, the operations of which were begun some years ago by undergraduates of Cambridge. Mr. Brooke said that when in India he had visited the Delhi mission-house, and was very much pleased with the work carried on there.

AT A MEETING IN THE MANSION HOUSE, the Rev. J. H. Gill, Minister of the Anglican Church in the Rue d'Aguesseau, Paris, made an appeal to the British public for financial aid to that church as the chief representative of the Church of England in France. It is largely attended by the many English in and around Paris, and its staff has established mission stations and Sunday Schools in Paris, while it is without a parsonage or a mission hall of its own, and there is a debt of 15,000*l.* on the church. Resolutions in support of the appeal were carried, the Bishops of London and Manchester being the movers. It was stated by the former, who never neglects to emphasise any connection existing between the secular and the spiritual, that the Rue d'Aguesseau Church was the centre for the relief of the distressed English in Paris.

THE LORD MAYOR preached on Sunday at the celebration of the centenary of the Baptist Chapel, Bow. Referring to the changes which had occurred since it was built, the preacher spoke of himself remembering the time when the surrounding neighbourhood was fields and the population was small. Now the Baptist Chapel was the centre of a vast and populous district, and he earnestly hoped that its congregation might continue to be a shining light in that crowded locality.

THE AFFAIR ON THE KHUSHK RIVER IN THE VICINITY OF PENJDEH

OUR illustration on page 652 represents one period of the battle between the Afghans and Russians, which took place on the left bank of the Khushk River, and which so nearly resulted in a declaration of war between this country and the Russian Empire.

I find it generally believed in England, owing to Russian representations to that effect, that the battle was directed throughout by British officers. I would correct this very erroneous impression by positively asserting that no British officer was within four miles of the battle-field during the action. It follows that the account given below is purely from hearsay evidence, but being obtained from various sources, it may be taken as substantially correct in all important particulars.

The position in which the Afghans chose to accept battle was on the left bank of the Khushk; the main line, some 800 infantry, had entrenched itself, with its left resting on the one bridge which spanned the Khushk; its right was protected from a turning movement by the Murgab River; the cavalry, some 400 Afghan regulars, was on the low hills on the left of the Afghan line; while the main body of the Afghan irregular cavalry watched the affair from the right bank of the Khushk, and took no part whatever in the action. Immediately in front of the Afghan right ran an irrigation canal, a deep cutting some 8 feet deep, and from 6 to 8 feet broad. Two Afghan guns, 7-pound brass Herat made, were in position on the low hills on the left of the position, under protection of the cavalry; they partly flanked the general line; the remaining guns, six in number, were disposed on the right bank of the Khushk, in positions where they were unable to be brought into effective use. The Khushk itself at this time was a roaring torrent. The river is usually very shallow, and at this time dry; but heavy rains produced a result which proved disastrous to the Afghans, as the sequel will show. From the above description it is plain that, viewed as a defensive position, nothing could have been more faulty than the line taken up by the Afghans. Their backs resting on an unfordable river, with but one narrow bridge on the extreme left to serve as a means of communication, they were thus equally cut off from retreat, or from support by such reserves as they might have in hand; their guns were unable to act effectively, and a general offensive movement was denied to them, owing to the canal, which barred any orderly advance from the right. Unhappily ignorant, however, of these defects, and buoyed up by self-confidence, belief in their cause, faith in Allah, and utter contempt of all unbelievers, the poor wretchedly equipped, badly fed, and worse paid soldiers of the Ameer passed the night in the trenches, in pouring rain, eager for the morrow, and expectant of a glorious victory.

On the evening of the 29th March General Komaroff, affecting to believe that the position taken up by the Afghans was a menace to his compact and well-armed little force a mile distant at Kizil Tapa, sent to the Afghan commander a most insulting ultimatum. The translation from the Russian is as follows:—

"I require that by this evening every single man of your force shall retire to his former position on the right bank of the Khushk, that your posts on the right bank of the Murgab shall descend no lower than the junction of the rivers. There will be no further discussion or explanation as to this matter. You, the possessor of intelligence and prudence, will probably be convinced that I will myself see my requirements fulfilled." This ultimatum the Afghan commander did not feel justified in accepting.

The morning of the 30th broke, cold, damp, and cloudy, but the rain, which had fallen all night in torrents, had ceased, not, however, without lending its aid materially towards the discomfiture of the poor Afghans, who had been all night without shelter in the trenches which they had thrown up. They were wet through, with spirits depressed, and with powder in their miserable match-locks and muzzle-loading rifles, with which alone they were armed, damp and useless. Between 6.30 and 7 the Russians were seen to be advancing. A body of some 200 Turcoman horsemen moved down towards the Afghan cavalry as though to engage; these latter trotted out to gratify them, when within range of the Berdan rifle the Turcoman cavalry wheeled outwards, thereby uncovering some companies of Russian infantry, who almost decimated the unfortunate Afghans by a withering fire. The latter, unable to face it, turned tail, and fled up the left bank of the Khushk, followed to a short distance by the Turcomans. The Russian infantry now continued its advance against the Afghan left, while a second body of infantry advanced in line against the Afghan right. This first line then commenced a steady forward movement, firing volleys into the Afghans, to which the latter were almost powerless to reply owing to their powder being wet. A few minutes of this was quite sufficient to demoralise them; those on the left broke and streamed across the bridge, closely followed by the Russians, while those on the right, unable to cross the now unfordable river, stood to die in their trenches, which were very speedily stormed and carried by the better armed and disciplined soldiers of the Czar. Two companies of Afghans were said to have been bayoneted to a man in this spot. This latter tragedy concluded the battle, if such it can be called, for the Russians anticipated no pursuit, and the "cease fire" sounded immediately all the Afghans had reached the right bank. The whole affair lasted but thirty-five minutes, with a loss to the Afghans of nearly 300 killed and wounded, while the Russian loss amounted to but thirty-five killed and wounded.

A. F. BARROW.



THE TURF.—The weather was most accommodating for the finishing up of the Ascot meeting last week, and, taking all things into consideration, the Royal gathering thoroughly maintained its prestige. Unfortunately, from another point of view, it kept up its reputation as being bad for backers of favourites; for though there have been blacker Ascots, the recent anniversary will be classed with the "black" ones. On the Thursday St. Gatien, the unbeaten, won the Cup easily enough, his foemen not being "worthy of his steel," as he did the Alexandra Plate on the following day. The Wokingham Stakes, a kind of second edition of the Hunt Cup, were won by Lord Hartington's Corunna, who thus showed the truth of his running second to Eastern Emperor in the last-named race. Mr. H. T. Barclay, on whose Turf ventures Fortune has consistently smiled, won the High Weight Plate with Criterion, and the valuable Hardwicke Stakes with Bendigo, who just now is as good a type of an English racehorse as we have. On the last day another good sportsman scored a double event in the person of Lord Bradford, who took the St. James's Palace Stakes with Sheraton, starting at 8 to 1, and the Rous Memorial Stakes with Isobar, who figured at 20 to 1 in a field of half-a-dozen, the favourite, Duke of Richmond, who was backed at odds against the rest, running second, for which place he seems, unfortunately, to have a monopoly. Saraband had no difficulty in beating six others in the New Stakes, and if all goes well with him, he is likely to be as hot a winter favourite for the next Derby as we have had for many a year. The great disappointment of the meeting was that St. Simon was not able to put in an appearance; and it seems probable that we shall not see him on a racecourse again. The Bard, it may be noted, won his twelfth successive race at Ascot; and as far as we can recollect no two-year-old in the history of the Turf has such a record.—There has been racing galore this week, Windsor, Hampton "the appy," Four Oaks, and Derby being among the trysts, but little or nothing worth recording took place at any one of them, "gate-money" and not sport being the chief motive element.—The St. Leger is the chief turf topic, and were it not for Melton, who is backed at 2 to 1 as if he were a certainty, the race would present a remarkably open appearance. Among the Ascot winners Child of the Mist, and Isobar, and St. Helena, are meeting with support, as are also Xaintrailles, Farewell, and Cora, but all at comparatively long odds.—Eurasian has been scratched for the Northumberland Plate, and Diss reigns as first favourite in his stead.

CRICKET.—Inter-countywise, Gloucestershire has achieved a brilliant victory over Middlesex by eight wickets, notwithstanding Mr. S. W. Scott's 135 (not out) in his first innings for the metropolitan county. Mr. W. G. Grace was in good trim with both bat and ball, scoring 69 and 54. The veteran seems loth to yield to any coming "champion," though this season Mr. W. W. Read, of the Surrey team has as yet shown the best batting form of the season.—But if the above was a splendid victory, what are we to say of that by Sussex over the above-named victors by an innings and 2 runs, the southern county making no less than 401 runs? But such is the "glorious uncertainty" of the national game.—The Sussex success has had the cream taken off by being defeated by Lancashire by 33 runs.—Lancashire has also shown well against Yorkshire, the draw in their match at Manchester being in favour of the former.—The Universities have now finished their "trial" matches, and Oxford has been beaten both by Surrey and Lancashire, while Cambridge has been worsted by the M.C.C., and in its match with Yorkshire the draw was in favour of the county. Both Universities in their trial matches have shown average excellence, though their victories have been few, and their annual match at Lord's next week appears likely to be a very close one.—On Saturday last the annual match between Gentlemen Riders and Professional Jockeys created a good deal of interest and abundance of fun. In the one-innings contest the former won by 12 runs. The largest score was Captain Hayhurst's 124 for the Amateurs, the highest for the Jockeys being R. T'Anson's 45.—The Committee of the Kent County Cricket Club has backed up Lord Harris (who by the way is designated as Under-Secretary for India, and may quit the cricket-field for that of politics), and refuses to play the return match with Lancashire, on account of the employment of the latter of "bowlers whose action is not consistently fair." This is likely to bring the "unfair bowling" question still more prominently to the front.

AQUATICS.—The entrances for Henley Regatta are up to the average, and the prospects of the great aquatic carnival are decidedly good. The Canadian (Argonaut) Four, which has for some time

been at practice on the course, hardly satisfies critics, and probably is not much superior to the best of Transatlantic crews which have essayed to try their strength on our waters.—It is said that Cookham Regatta is to be renewed this year.

SWIMMING.—W. Beckwith challenges any man in the world for three matches, each for 100*l.* a side; he will back himself to swim the Channel; and to do twenty miles in the Thames in four and a-half hours.

GENERAL GORDON'S JOURNALS

IN a thick volume of nearly 600 pages "The Journals of Major-General C. G. Gordon at Khartoum" (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.) are now given to the world. Of the whole book about two-thirds is occupied with the journals, divided into six volumes, and dated from September 10th, 1884, to December 14th, 1884. Colonel Stewart had kept a complete journal of events at Khartoum from March 1st up to September 9th—the day on which he left the city with Mr. Power and M. Herbin on their fatal journey down the Nile. General Gordon had largely assisted in the preparation of this journal, which was unfortunately lost when Colonel Stewart and his colleagues were murdered, and is now supposed to be in the possession of the Mahdi. General Gordon continued the story of the siege of Khartoum from the day when Colonel Stewart left, and his journals were sent down the Nile in various steamers, and were delivered to Sir Charles Wilson at Metemneh by the native officers commanding the steamers from Khartoum. The journals were regarded by the Government as official documents, and ultimately they were handed over to Sir Henry Gordon with the expression of a wish that they should be published entire. Sir Henry Gordon has used his discretion in omitting a few pages; Mr. A. Egmont Hake has edited the journals (with the assistance of Mr. Godfrey Thrupp); important appendices, mainly containing correspondence between Gordon and others, have been added. The volume therefore contains, with Mr. Hake's introduction, a complete history of the whole curious, heroic, and tragic transactions concerning Gordon and Khartoum.

Mr. Hake's introduction gives the well-known facts which led up to Gordon's mission. He briefly deals with Gordon's previous work in the Soudan, showing how he crushed the slave-trade by the execution of Suleiman, Zebher's son, and how he gave peace and happiness to the whole country. Coming to the last and fatal expedition, Mr. Hake warmly defends Gordon step by step in all his negotiations with the Home Government, and is particularly careful to insist upon the fact that Gordon was more than an officer of the Queen; that he was, in fact, appointed by the Khedive "Governor-General of the Soudan," and was entrusted with "the establishment of justice and order" and "peace and prosperity." The fact that Gordon held such a commission entirely upsets the arguments of those who hold that Gordon exceeded the instructions conveyed to him by the Government, or that he ought himself to have come away from Khartoum, leaving the inhabitants and soldiers to shift for themselves. Mr. Hake's introduction is strong and judicious, and he makes telling points in favour of Gordon. Sir Henry Gordon contributes three short papers; dealing in the first with the whole position of his brother at Khartoum, and in another with the mission of Sir Charles Wilson. It is interesting to note, in connection with the recent violent attack which has been made upon this officer by a war correspondent, that Sir Henry Gordon entirely exonerates Sir Charles Wilson from the charges of delaying at Metemneh before proceeding to Khartoum, and of not pushing on to the city to ascertain beyond a doubt the fate of General Gordon.

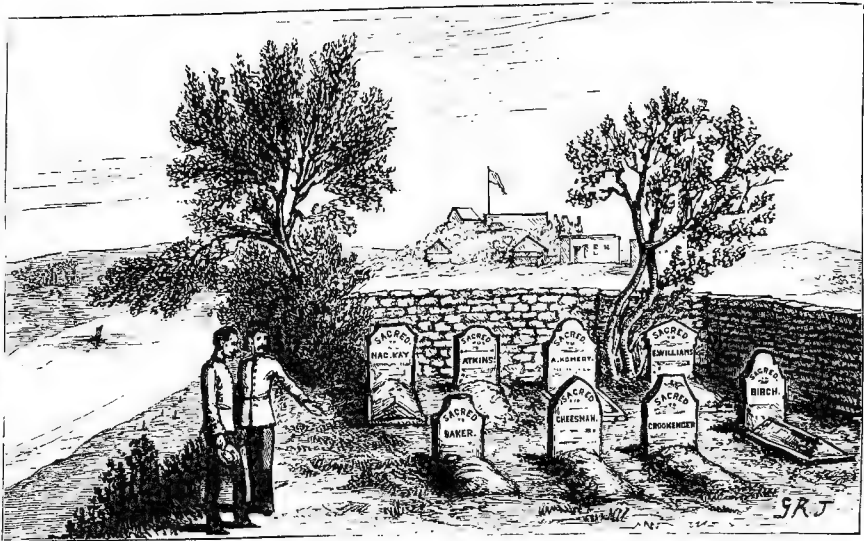
Of the journals themselves it is difficult to speak adequately in the space at command. So much has been written about Gordon that his character is now intimately known, and the journals, after all, throw no new light upon it. But they are extraordinary, and probably unique. Cromwell, it is said, jested while signing the death-warrant of Charles. Gordon jests all through the siege of Khartoum, with bullets falling all day on his palace, with his faithful friends butchered far away down the Nile, with treachery at work under his eyes. Humour bubbles from his pen continually, even when he is writing of the gravest events. His spirits seem never to have failed. Some of the sketches with which he illustrated the journals, such as that of the Soudan prototype of Mr. Gladstone, with enormous collars, or the two diplomatists in conversation, or the London Press rushing to capture Khartoum, are extremely funny. Pungent sayings which cling to the memory appear on every page; such as "England was made by adventurers, not by its Government, and I believe it will only hold its place by adventurers." One would judge from many passages of the journals that Gordon was no more than a cheery, reckless, high-spirited optimist resolved to carry through a task he had undertaken. But the deep, solemn note of religion, struck every now and then, vibrates through all other moods, and gives a thrilling significance to the lightest word, the most trivial action. And this religion of Gordon, though it took a form which has unfortunately been constantly the vehicle for the most odious cant, was so direct and honest an outcome of his own reverential soul that the form is forgotten, and the essential fact alone remains. Never does one word of complaint for himself escape his pen; not even when the Arabs closed nearer and nearer round the town, and it became evident that unless relief were close at hand the town must fall. To the end Gordon thought only of the high charge which had been committed to him, and some of the latest entries in his journal are plans for the future government of the Soudan. If Lord Palmerston were alive, he wrote once, or Forster Premier, the Soudan would never be abandoned to the slave-dealers. As time drew on he began to feel clearly that the expeditionary force could not reach Khartoum in time to be of use, and more than once he speculates on the possibility of the fall of the town under the nose of the expedition. The last words of the journal (dated December 14) are: "Now mark this, if the expeditionary force—and I ask for no more than 200 men—does not come in ten days, the town may fall, and I have done my best for the honour of my country. Good bye.—C. G. GORDON." Doubtless there will be much outcry from the friends of official persons at the publication of the journals in their present form. Gordon has nowhere hesitated to express his feeling towards the Gladstone Ministry and the Cairo diplomatists, and his opinion was half pitying, half contemptuous. The journals reopen the whole question of English policy in Egypt and the Soudan, and instructive and valuable as they are politically, they are perhaps more valuable still as the record of one of the noblest men of modern times.



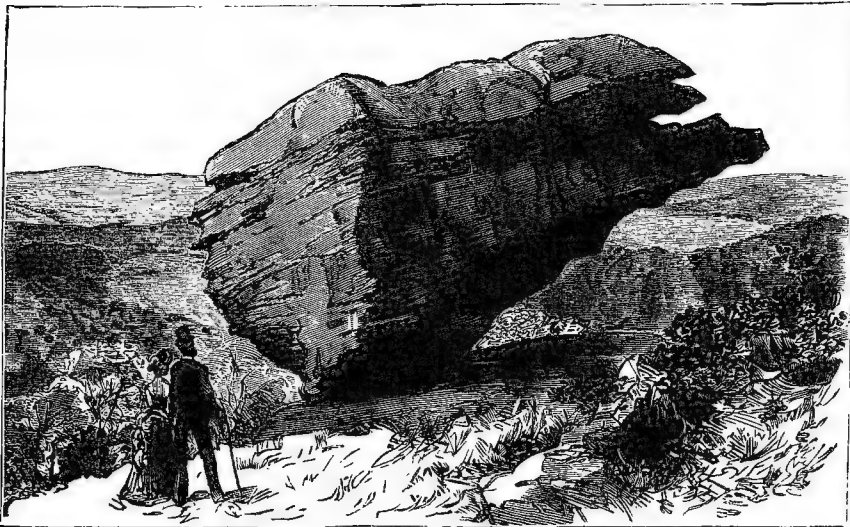
MR. NORMAN FORBES appeared on Monday afternoon at the PRINCE'S Theatre in the leading character in a little piece entitled *Gringoire*, translated from the French of Théodore de Banville by Mr. W. G. Wills. This is the drama, or rather dramatic anecdote, in which M. Coquelin has so often played at the Théâtre Français the part of the poor, half-starved poet who makes love to the merchant's daughter at the bidding of the tyrant Louis XI.—but



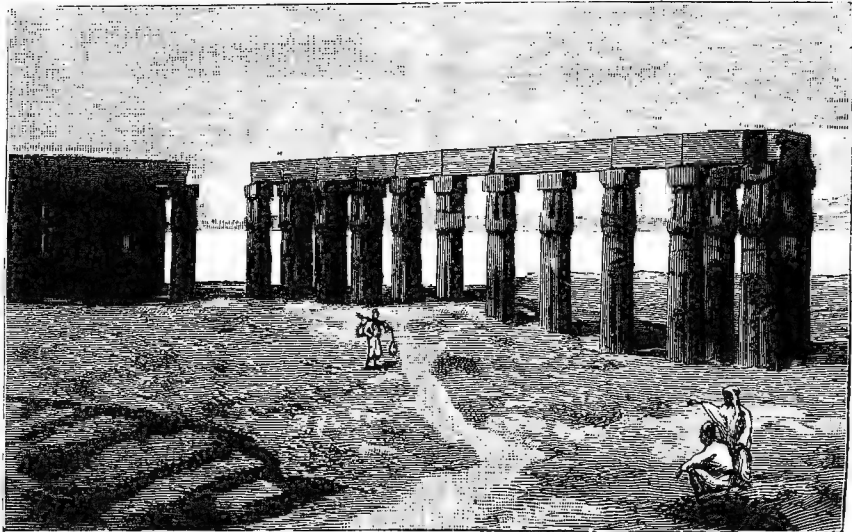
THE GOVERNOR'S COTTAGE, GIBRALTAR, WHERE ZEBEHR PASHA AND HIS SONS ARE LIVING DURING THEIR DETENTION



THE EVACUATION OF THE SOUDAN—CEMETERY OF THE AMBUKOL COLUMN, TANI
From a Sketch by a Military Officer



THE BUCKSTONE, NEAR STANTON, MONMOUTHSHIRE, AS IT WAS BEFORE IT WAS ROLLED DOWN THE HILL



RECENT EXCAVATIONS AT THE TEMPLE OF LUXOR, EGYPT



"MUSIC HATH CHARMS"—A SKETCH AT THE CAPE



MR. E. BURNE JONES

MR. HENRY MOORE

MR. J. W. WATERHOUSE

THE NEW ASSOCIATES OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY

Past Grandeur Present Humility



INFANTRY OF THE AMEER'S FORCES IN NORTH-WEST
AFGHANISTAN

SIGNS OF THE END—A MEMBER OF THE VICTUALLING-DEPARTMENT RETRENCHES HIS STUD

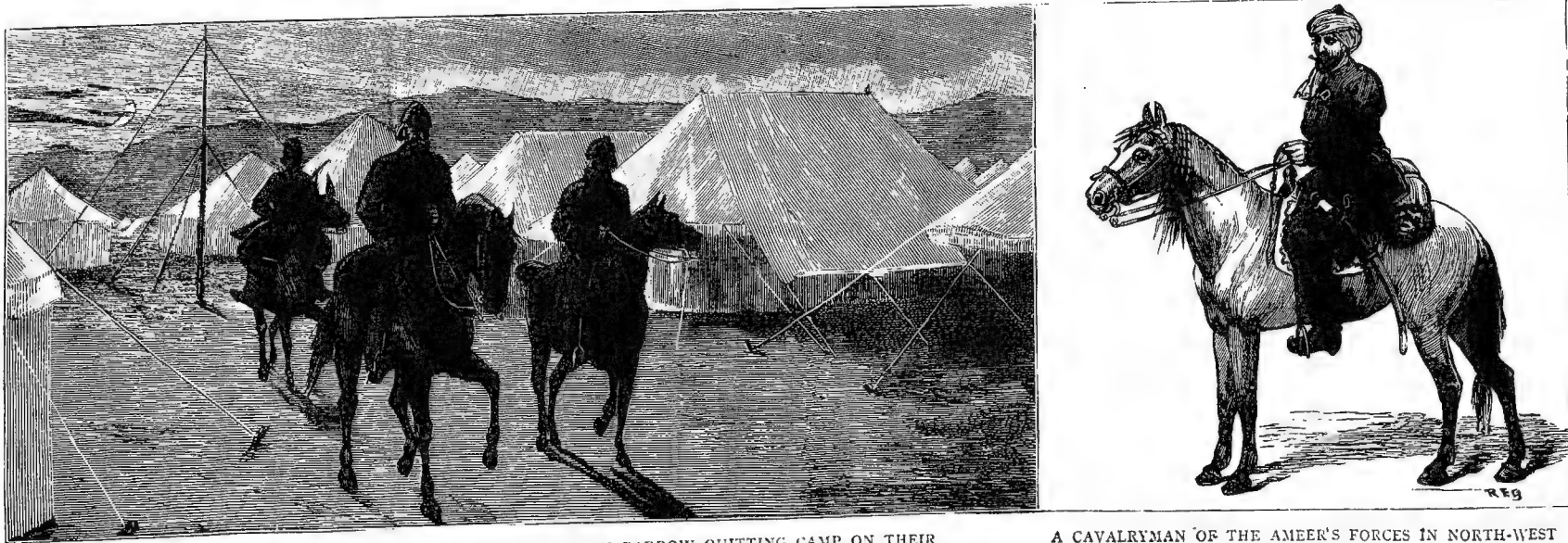
Sarik Turcoman



Jamshed

Hazara

SOME TYPES OF NATIVE TRIBES



SIGNS OF THE END—SIR PETER LUMSDEN AND CAPTAIN BARROW QUITTING CAMP ON THEIR
RETURN TO ENGLAND

A CAVALRYMAN OF THE AMEER'S FORCES IN NORTH-WEST
AFGHANISTAN

THE AFGHAN FRONTIER DIFFICULTY
FROM SKETCHES BY A NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER OF THE MILITARY ESCORT

disdains to tell her his neck is in jeopardy if she refuses. In this curious woof of humility and pride, of love and hunger, of poverty and ambition M. Coquelin was not entirely successful. Mr. Norman Forbes, a promising and ambitious young actor, plays the part with some delicate and touching lights and shades, but does not, on the whole, greatly impress. A poem, written for the poet to recite in description of the sorrows of the poor was in Mr. Wills's best vein. It is announced that Mr. W. H. Pollock and Mr. Walter Besant have long since prepared a version of the same piece with some introduced scenes. In this Mr. Beerbohm Tree, for whom the version has been specially adapted, will play the part of the hero.

We are unfortunately not able to award any very high praise to a new farcical comedy, written by Mr. Mark Melford, and brought out at the VAUDEVILLE Theatre on Tuesday afternoon with the title of *A Family Fool*. The author, who played the leading part, has provided himself with some smart sayings; but his story is tedious, and some of its incidents are puerile and absurd. A friendly audience received the piece with no audible tokens of displeasure; but, though such capable performers as Miss Sophie Larkin and Mr. W. Rignold were engaged, it can hardly be said to have afforded any appreciable amount of entertainment.

The performance given at Drury Lane on Tuesday afternoon for the benefit of the Benedict Memorial Fund brought together an immense array of talent, and filled the vast house with an audience not less indicative of the affectionate regard in which the memory of that distinguished composer and leader is held. Mr. Sims Reeves failed not to appear, and like Mr. Santley, who also sang a ballad, was in excellent voice. Mr. Joseph Maas, Madame Trebelli, and other distinguished vocalists also took part in the concert. Besides all this there were recitations and comic scenes by Mrs. Bancroft, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and Mr. George Grossmith, together with comediettas in which Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mrs. John Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Mr. R. Cathcart, Mr. Charles Wyndham, Mr. George Giddens, and Miss Kate Rorke, took part. It is understood that the *matinée* resulted in a very substantial contribution to the fund to be eventually presented to Lady Benedict.

Mr. Grundy's comedy, *The Silver Shield*, of which we had occasion to speak when it was produced at the Strand Theatre some weeks ago, has been promoted to the evening bill of the COMEDY Theatre by the new manager, Miss Melnotte. It is a clever piece, in spite of a rather weak story. Amusing in dialogue, provided with character sketches in the genuine vein of comedy, and, moreover, strongly cast, this play ought to prove permanently attractive, though the season is somewhat against it.

Madame Jane Hading has reappeared at the GAIETY in her original part of the heroine of *Le Maître de Forges*, with M. Damala, also the creator of his part in this play. Supported by a far more efficient company than last year, the performance gains greatly in completeness.

Loose Tiles has taken the place of *Open House* at the VAUDEVILLE.

THE ADELPHI has closed for the present "for repairs and alterations."

Messrs. Haritt and Lingard, of the Gaiety Theatre, have made arrangements for a summer season at SADLER'S WELLS, beginning this evening. An efficient company, including Mr. Royce, Mr. R. Soutar, Miss Ada Blanche, Mr. Charles Fawcett, Mr. Squire, and other popular performers, has been engaged. Comedy, operetta, and extravaganza will form the staple of the entertainments.

On Monday next, June 29, at Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's Entertainment, "A Pretty Bequest" will be produced, from the pen of Mr. T. Malcolm Watson, the music supplied by Mr. Hamilton Clarke; and Mr. Corney Grain will introduce a New Musical Sketch, entitled "Eton v. Harrow, a Sketch of the Season." Mr. Herbert Gardner's "A Night in Wales" will conclude the programme.

Mr. W. R. S. Ralston will give a "Story-Telling to Children" (of all ages) at ST. JAMES'S HALL on the afternoon of Tuesday, July 7th.



THE NEW LORD CHANCELLOR is, as things generally go, young to become the occupant of the Woolsack, being only in his sixtieth year. Lord Cairns, however, the last Conservative Chancellor, was not fifty when he first attained the same dignity. Sir Hardinge Giffard was called to the bar in 1850, went the South-Wales Circuit, was appointed a Q.C. in 1865, and Solicitor-General in 1875, when he was knighted. He made unsuccessful attempts at Cardiff and Horsham, to enter the House of Commons before, in 1877 he succeeded in becoming a member for Launceston, which he has represented since 1877. For several years past he has been extremely active in supporting the Conservative cause in extra-Parliamentary speeches delivered throughout the country.

AFTER A SEVEN DAYS' TRIAL before Mr. Justice Butt and a special jury an end has come to the suit brought against the executors and residuary legatees of the will of the late Benjamin Warburton, originally a commercial traveller, who died in February, 1882, possessed of considerable property. Three wills and two codicils executed by him were found after his death. By the first will he bequeathed to the Royal Society as residuary legatee from 27,000*l.* to 30,000*l.*, which by the second and third wills was reduced to 10,000*l.* The subsequent codicils deprived the Royal Society of all interest in his money, and with the second will made the three defendants in the suit, two of whom were friends of the testators, residuary legatees, with 9,000*l.* each, while the third defendant was a solicitor named Moss, who had drawn up both the codicils, and who had been a stranger to the testator until called in to act professionally for him. Nothing was eventually left to the plaintiff's nephew, who disputed all the wills as made when the testator was of unsound mind, and who alleged that Moss had fraudulently inserted his own name as a residuary legatee without the knowledge of the testator. The Royal Society urged the validity of the will which gave them 30,000*l.* Two of the defendants maintained that, whatever Moss might have done, their claim was valid. Mr. Justice Butt's summing up was rather against the validity of any of the wills and codicils, as executed after the testator had a stroke of apoplexy, evidence having been adduced to show that subsequently he was an altered man, and as in themselves irrational under the circumstances. The jury took this view, and pronounced all the testamentary dispositions to have been made when the testator was of unsound mind, and in answer to the questions put by the judge, they declared Moss to have been guilty of fraud. The defendants will, therefore, have to refund all the money, more than 35,000*l.*, which they had distributed among themselves and others, and there will be a statutory division of it among the next of kin.

THE ACTION FOR LIBEL brought by Baron de Worms, M.P., for Greenwich, against Mr. Hughes, the Secretary of the City of London Conservative Association, and the cross-action also for libel brought by Mr. Hughes against the Baron, tried before Mr. Baron Pollock and a special jury, came to an end on Tuesday, after several days' hearing. Mr. Hughes had charged Baron de Worms with

having left certain bills unpaid at the 1868 Sandwich election, and he alleged that these had been "squared" for him by Hughes. For these allegations the Baron claimed 5,000*l.* damages. Mr. Hughes on his part claimed 20,000*l.* for an alleged libel on him by the Baron, charging him with having endeavoured to get the Baron to give up his candidature for Greenwich at the general election of 1880, and contest the City so that he, Hughes, might stand for Greenwich himself. After the Judge's summing up, the jury promptly found a verdict for Baron de Worms, damages 500*l.*, with a verdict also for him on the counter-claim. Notice of appeal was given.

THE COMMON PLEAS DIVISION, DUBLIN, has adjudicated on a case stated for it by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and has decided that the operation of dishorning cattle, when skilfully performed, is not illegal. The Dublin Exchequer had given an opposite decision.



THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.—The twelfth Handel celebration, held this week at the Crystal Palace, will probably be considered, at any rate from an artistic point of view, the most successful of the series. Mr. Manns attempts nothing without entering thoroughly into his work, and music lovers are therefore not surprised to find that the task of reform of the Festival arrangements has been vigorously though judiciously commenced. Every voice in the choir has been separately tested for the present Festival, and a large number of choristers who have grown grey in the service have, in the natural order of things, been obliged to make way for fresher voices. This sort of thing is inevitable, for, in the organisation of a national celebration, sentimental feelings cannot be permitted to enter. In the result we have one of the finest choirs ever heard in this country, not yet perhaps sufficiently numerous in the soprano section, but strong in tenors (a voice the most difficult to secure in this country), stronger still in altos, and most powerful of all in basses. The orchestra is now far better balanced than before. The force of strings has been increased to 373 players, the oboes have been doubled, and reconstruction in other ways has brought the band to the total number of 470. Possibly there has never been a more numerous, and there certainly has never been a finer, orchestra collected in this country. Mr. Manns has furthermore taken the step of demanding extra rehearsals, and the choristers have readily and cheerfully complied. *Messiah* was practised as a whole for the first time these many years, and Mr. Manns likewise held extra orchestral rehearsals in London, and special choir practices in various provincial centres. It will thus be seen that the reforms yet attempted have been in the direction of improving the performances as they stand. Mr. Manns has wisely not attempted to compromise with the demands of a slender body of purists, who would abolish "additional accompaniments," and instead multiply the oboes and bassoons, give further prominence to the organ, and take us at a bound back to the days, if not of Handel, at any rate of Joah Bates. Mr. Manns knows that the crowds who collect for *Messiah* care little for abstract theories, and love Handel's music as they are accustomed to hear it. Therefore nearly all the arrangements introduced by Sir Michael Costa are preserved, even including a gigantic tuba, which does not appear in the official list of the orchestra, and might, indeed, be altogether dispensed with.

The performance of *Messiah* on Monday was in many respects one of the finest recently heard. Three at least of the soloists, Madame Patey, queen of contraltos, Mr. Santley, most popular of baritones, and Mr. Maas, who sings the "Passion" music in a manner which recalls the best days of Mr. Sims Reeves—could hardly be surpassed. Madame Albani, who like many operatic artists is not always at her best in sacred music, sang "Come unto Him," and "I know that my Redeemer liveth" far better than the *aria d'agitato*, "Rejoice greatly." But the choruses are always the great feature of the Handel Festival performances. Rarely have such difficult contrapuntal choruses as "And the glory of the Lord," "And He shall purify," "And with His stripes," and so forth, been more faithfully rendered, and never have the great *ensemble* choruses, "For unto us," "Glory to God," "Lift up your heads," and "Hallelujah" been sung with more majestic effect. No one indeed, who has heard the "Hallelujah" delivered by the mighty force assembled on the Handel orchestra, and received (according to an example set by George II. at the first performance at Covent Garden) by the great audience of over 22,000 persons reverently up-standing, is likely to forget it. Familiarity may have dulled the feeling of astonishment, but it can only enhance that of admiration.

In the "Selection" programme, given on Wednesday, Mr. Manns very properly included a far greater proportion than usual of novelties. Two of them were received with mixed feelings. The violin sonata in A, often played by Madame Norman Neruda, was on this occasion performed by all the violins of the band. Chamber music is out of place in the orchestra, and at a bi-centenary festival Mr. Manns might have spared us this act of violence to Handel's wishes. Five numbers of a double concerto in F, already heard in Glasgow, were also given with an orchestra far larger than Handel ever intended. This concerto was found in a volume entitled "Sketches," in the Queen's Library at Buckingham Palace, and Mr. Rockstro, who discovered it, tells us that although part of the ninth movement is missing, the last three movements were utilised for one of the organ concertos. Part of the second movement was also used for the "Hailstones" chorus, and the subject of the third begins like that of "Lift Up Your Heads." The quaint fourth movement and the charming dialogue between the two wind orchestras in the fifth section were especially admired. The air "Ombra mai fu" from *Xerxes*, sung by Madame Trebelli, is already familiar as the melody of the popular Handel-Hellmesberger "Largo in G." Mr. Maas introduced a charming song from *Atalanta*, Madame Valleria the apostrophe to the organ from *St. Cecilia*, and Mr. Santley a song from the *Occasional Oratorio*. The always popular Mr. Lloyd sang "Waft Her, Angels," and "Love in Her Eyes," and Madame Albani was heard in "Angels Ever Bright and Fair." The overture to *Saul* was performed as originally written, Mr. Eyre playing the prominent organ solo, and the choir were heard in the fine chorus "Ye Sons of Israel," "Love and Hymen," and a selection from *Judas Maccabeus*. Of *Israel in Egypt*, the massive double choruses in which can never be heard with greater effect than at the Handel Festival, we must speak next week.

THE OPERAS.—An important scheme is on foot (organised, it is said, by the Earl of Lathom, and cordially supported by the Prince of Wales) by which one night every week will, next season, be reserved for members of the aristocracy and society, specially selected by a committee, somewhat on the club system. This will, it is believed, once more make Italian Opera a fashionable entertainment. The other nights of the week will be devoted to opera under ordinary conditions, and it is understood Mr. Gye will resume his post as director.—Mr. J. H. Mapleson began his opera season at Covent Garden on Saturday, when Madame Patti, at the commencement of her twenty-sixth season in London, resumed her familiar character of Violetta in *La Traviata*. The great *prima donna* was in excellent voice, and the performance, under Signor Ardit, was on

the whole a good one. A special feature of the representation was the dancing of Madame Cavalazzi (Mrs. Charles Mapleson), one of the most accomplished *premières danseuses* now before the public.—On Tuesday Madame Patti appeared in *Semiramide*. That Rossini's florid music should be sung by her with the ease which seems to come of nature to this great artist may be taken for granted. The *floriture* used by Patti on Tuesday were those written expressly for her by Rossini, and they of course differ from those popularised by the late Mdle. Titiens. The great duet in the third act was by no means improved by the demonstrative style of Madame Scalchi, who did her best to drown the voice of the *prima donna*. Madame Patti will appear on Tuesday in *Faust*; and will, we believe, play in *Carmen*, for the first time on any stage, on the following Saturday. Some extra nights will be commenced, probably on Thursday, for the *début* of Mdle. Fohstrom, a young Russian *prima donna*, of whom great things are expected.

NOTES AND NEWS.—At a meeting of musicians called by Sir G. Macfarren on Saturday, the French *diapason normal* was accepted as the uniform national pitch. Several musical instrument manufacturers and vocalists however dissented.—Viscountess Folkestone will, on July 8th, for a charitable object, conduct her orchestra and choir, which are formed exclusively of ladies of the upper classes.—Sir Arthur Sullivan sailed on Saturday for the United States.—Madame Patti will in the winter commence a tour of Europe, terminating in Paris in March.—Miss Perry and Messrs. Ludwig, Snazelle, and Davies have, we understand, severed their connection with the Carl Rosa troupe. The leading artists during the tour, which begins next month, will be Madame Marie Roze (twice a week), Mesdames Burns and Gaylord, Messrs. McGuckin, Packard and Crotty, and Miss Dickeson, an American contralto.



THE NEW ORDER IN COUNCIL, just published in the *London Gazette*, amounts to a thorough revision of the existing arrangements with respect to the importation of live stock from foreign countries. The main object in view has been the providing of still more trustworthy safeguards against the introduction of contagious diseases, for the risk of the introduction of such diseases is still very great, and the authorities cannot be too scrupulous in the enforcement of precautionary measures. By this Order the landing of sheep and swine, as well as cattle, is entirely prohibited from the following countries:—The Austro-Hungarian Empire, Greece, Italy, Montenegro, Servia, Roumania, Russia, Turkey, and France; while cattle are not to be admitted from either Belgium or Germany. Swine are not to be admitted from Denmark or Sweden. These regulations are based upon the prevalence of various contagious diseases in these countries. It will be noticed with satisfaction that this Order continues the arrangement to deal with foot-and-mouth disease as with cattle plague—that is, immediate slaughter of all animals in contact, and very thorough disinfection of every agent, whether men or things, which could possibly carry the contagion. No less sweeping measures could be relied upon to check the introduction and spread of foot-and-mouth disease, and even with these precautions incessant vigilance will still be necessary.

THE NORFOLK SHOW last week was well attended for a meeting held in unsettled weather and at so out-of-the-way a spot as Watton. The horse classes were good, and the cattle, although comparatively few in numbers, made up in quality, so far as the Shorthorns, Jerseys, and dairy cattle were concerned. The red polls were good, but we have seen better at a Norfolk Show. The sheep classes were remarkable for some fine Hampshires, some excellent Lincolns, and some very good Suffolks. The cross breeds also call for a word of approval. Some very fine pigs were sent by Mr. Duckering, Lady Lyveden, and Mr. Tyssen Amherst. It may be noted that at the local luncheon grace was said by a clergyman, hale and hearty at ninety-seven years of age!

THE CORNWALL SHOW at Penzance was favoured by very fine weather, and the number of visitors was large. It was, in fact, a very animated and pleasant gathering throughout, the general excellence of the stock making spectators feel they had not come for nothing, while the showyard arrangements were far better than at the majority of Agricultural Shows. Devons, of course, were the great feature in the cattle classes, but the Herefords also were very fine, and the Shorthorns were not badly represented. The Channel Islands cattle were a fine show, and the Jersey and Guernsey breeds are known to do exceedingly well in the Royal Duchy. The long-woolled sheep were a noticeably fine show. The horses were a small show, but of high average quality.

THE GLASGOW SHOW was remarkable for a splendid exhibit of brood mares, and, in fact, all the female classes for horses were of exceptional merit. The cattle and sheep classes were well filled, and a high standard of excellence was maintained throughout. Glasgow, which has obtained a name for successful Shows, has seldom or never had a more satisfactory display than that which has just been held.

DAIRYING.—The Brighton Show, had it been lacking in all other excellences, would have been well worth visiting, if only for the lucid and most valuable explanation given of dairying. Visitors were shown at what stage the cream should be churned, how it should be churned, when the butter should be drained, washed, and salted, how worked in the butter-worker, and prepared in the cold or hardening box, also how Devonshire cream was raised. This latter process much surprised by reason of its very simplicity. The shallow metal pans of milk were simply placed upon a boiler provided with four holes for their reception, and the milk was scalded, and then allowed to stand until the cream had risen, being covered during the rising with muslin covers. Cheese-making as well as cream-raising was explained, and the example set by the alliance of Southern and Western counties at their recent Shows should have early imitation in the Midlands, and also in the North and North-Western. The interest felt in the subject fully warrants any agricultural society in taking it up.

LICENSED VICTUALLERS' SCHOOL.—The seventy-ninth anniversary festival of this deserving institution will take place at the Crystal Palace on Tuesday next, the 30th inst., under the presidency of Mr. Spencer Charrington.

READERS OF MRS. J. H. EWING'S charming children's books may like to join in a proposed memorial to the late authoress connected with an institution in which she took especial interest—the Convalescent Hospital, Cromwell House, Highgate. A cot in this hospital is dedicated to the memory of Mrs. Ewing's mother, Mrs. Alfred Gatty, who established two cots in the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street, with funds collected from the readers of *Aunt Judy's Magazine*. This convalescent cot is only partially endowed, and it is suggested to render endowment permanent, and re-dedicate the cot to the joint memory of mother and daughter. Six hundred pounds is required, and it is thought that many who have derived pleasure from Mrs. Ewing's touching stories will be glad to add their mite to the collection for this purpose now being made by Miss Gatty, Villa Ponente, Taunton, or the Secretary, Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street, W.C.

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 FOR WOMEN and CHILDREN. Lower
 Seymour Street, Portman Square, W. Dorset House
 Branch—1, Dorset Street, Manchester Square.
 Patron—H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.
 K.G.

President—THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD LEIGH
 In order to sustain the Hospital and its Branch in
 their present efficient working order, the Committee
 feel it necessary to endeavour to raise at least £4,000.
 400 of which is required to pay off loans un-
 ably incurred last year. And they very earnestly
 and confidently appeal for help to the friends of the
 Hospital, and all who sympathise with them in
 their efforts to relieve the sufferings, and save many
 poor women and children from premature death.

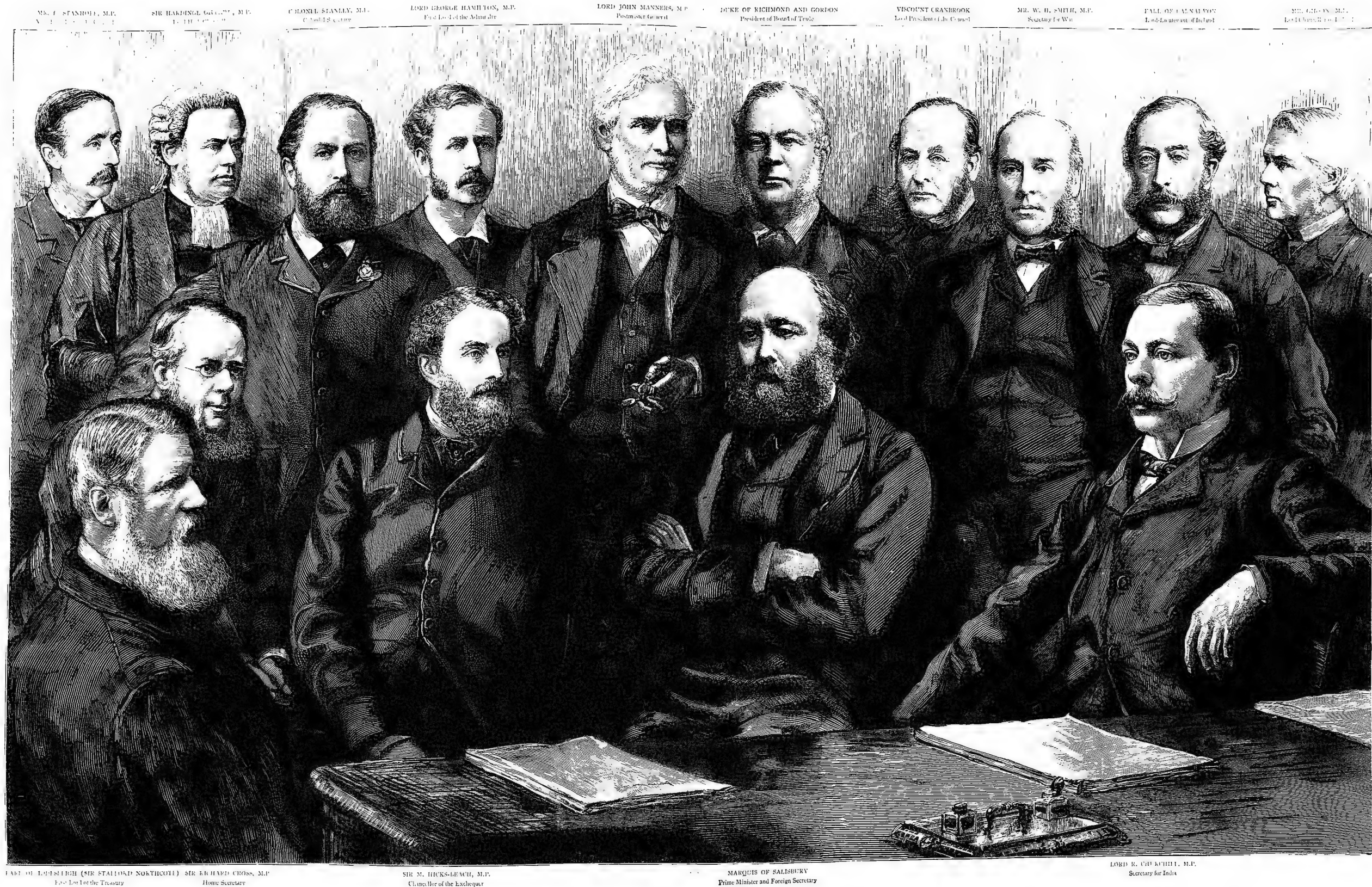
The Institution is a Free Hospital for the Reception
 and Treatment of Diseases Peculiar to Women,
 no Letter of Recommendation required, Poverty and
 Sickness the only Passport.

Since its foundation no less than 259,333 women
 and children have been treated in the Out-Depart-
 ment, and 7,358 women and 765 children have been
 admitted as In-Patients. The numbers of the
 women were suffering from OVARIAN TUMOUR
 and DROPSY—which, before special attention was
 directed to it in the Samaritan Hospital in 1858, was
 a disease almost always fatal.

Up to the end of 1883, no fewer than 967 cases
 were operated upon, with 802 recoveries and 165
 deaths, a mortality of 17.06 per cent.
 £5,000 per annum is required to maintain the
 Hospital and its Branch, of which sum the Annual
 Subscriptions amount to little more than £1,400, and
 the remainder has to be raised by donations, and
 other uncertain sources of income. The Committee
 are most desirous of increasing the Annual Subscrip-
 tions, in order to relieve them of the anxiety of
 arising so large an amount otherwise.

GEORGE SCUDAMORE,
 Secretary.

CHARITY ORGANISATION
SOCIETY. Patron—The Queen.
 The object of this Society is the improvement of the
 condition of the poor—(1) by bringing about co-
 operation between the Charities and the Poor Law,



MR. J. STANHOPE, M.P.
Vice-President of the Council

SIR HAKING, M.P.
Secretary for War

CHARLES STANLEY, M.P.
Secretary for India

LORD GEORGE HAMILTON, M.P.
First Lord of the Admiralty

LORD JOHN MANNERS, M.P.
Postmaster General

DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON
President of Board of Trade

VISCOUNT CRANBROOK
Lord President of the Council

MR. W. H. SMITH, M.P.
Secretary for War

LORD OF LANSLOW
Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland

MR. GILSON, M.P.
Secretary for India

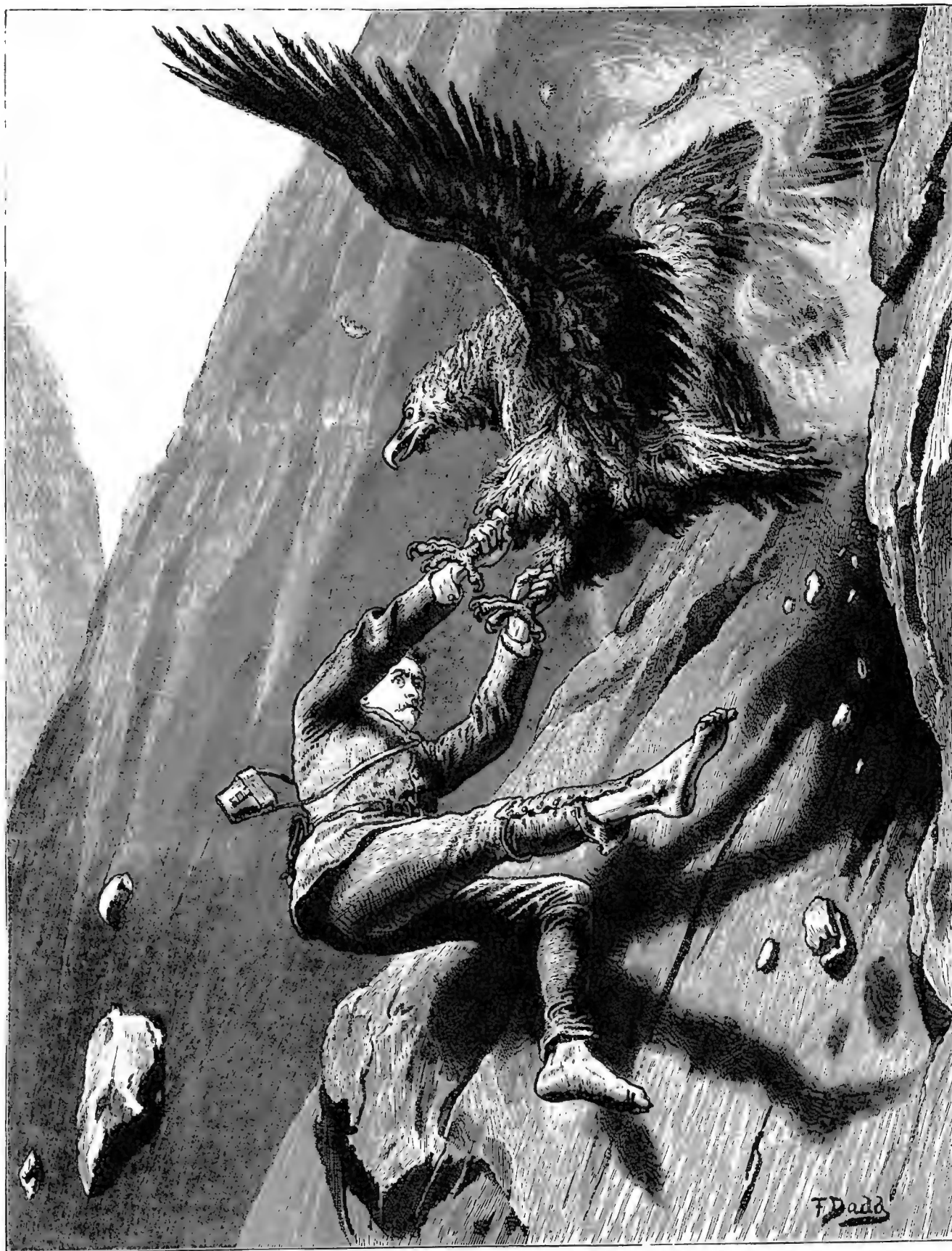
LORD OF LANSLOW (SIR STANHOPE NORTHCOLE) SIR RICHARD CROSS, M.P.
First Lord of the Treasury Home Secretary

SIR M. HICKS-LEACH, M.P.
Clerk of the Exchequer

MARQUIS OF SALISBURY
Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary

LORD R. CHURCHILL, M.P.
Secretary for India

THE NEW CONSERVATIVE CABINET



DRAWN BY F. DADD

"We descended rapidly, grazing along the face of the rock."

A LEAP FOR LIFE:

A STORY OF THE HIMALAYAS

IN TWO PARTS—PART II.

II.

THE LEDGE WAS FROM THREE TO FOUR FEET wide, sloping outwards at a greater angle than was pleasant, but free from what rendered most of the ledges on the cliff impracticable to human foot, namely, the *débris* from the cliff above, piled up and ready to slip on the slightest pressure. The markhor could traverse such with their sharp cloven feet, but the unstable foothold would at once carry the broad human sole to perdition. We had, however, seen this particular ledge to be free from such treacherous shale, the reason being that it was not so much a ledge as a natural gallery—a "fault" in the face of the cliff, while the overhanging rock sheltered it from the accumulation of *débris*. It was evidently a favourite lair of the markhor, and well worn by their feet, a place of shelter, doubtless, when the storm was on the hill. The penthouse above did not permit of our standing upright; in some places indeed the overhanging rock allowed only a space of some three feet; but we were able to push along—crouched down, and moving circumspectly with our left shoulders brushing the rock—at a comparatively brisk pace, notwithstanding the frightful precipice under our feet. At the end of some hundred paces or so, however, we turned a slight shoulder of the cliff, and the gallery ended. In front the ledge continued, indeed, for some distance, gradually narrowing to a few

inches in width, but the overhanging pent roof of rock rose up, dying away into a mere swell, and then a sheer wall, then a precipitous slope, which, but for its exceeding smoothness, looked as if it was almost practicable for a markhor's foot. In this slope, some forty yards from the end of the gallery, was a crack, rising perpendicularly, probably up to the crest of the cliff. The ledge on which we were continued narrowing as I have said to a few inches, till it crossed the crack, beyond which, however, there was scarcely a trace of it on the cliff face. Along this ledge evidently was the path of the markhor to the crack, and up the crack their staircase to the top of the cliff. So much our eyes took in at once as we paused and crouched at the shoulder; but where was our wounded buck, who must have followed the ledge? All of a sudden we shrank back simultaneously, for there, from behind a bush growing in the crack, which had for the moment concealed him, emerged the noble head of the unfortunate beast labouring painfully on three legs up the awful path. In full vigour and with unimpaired limbs, no doubt the familiar route presented no more difficulties to him than the ledge we had just traversed to us, but now he was weak and lamed, and he felt his danger and travelled very cautiously, making good every step. My heart smote me, but this was no time for repentance or remorse. A few steps further and a jutting projection of the rock would conceal him from view, and he would then doubtless gain the top of the cliff, safe certainly from us, but

only to fall a victim to some leopard, or even to the hill foxes, and that superb head would be lost for ever. I threw the rifle to my shoulder, but my bent, constrained position affected my aim, and also the insecurity of my position rendered me uncertain. I fired, bracing myself against the rock to meet the recoil. Fine shooting was out of the question, and, though at that distance it was impossible to miss, the shot was a bad one, for I struck the buck behind the ribs.

It was sufficient. Insecure as was his position the shock made him lose his footing. His hind-quarters were paralysed for the moment, and, struggling vainly with his forelegs to retard his fall, he slid along the crack to the ledge, and then disappeared over it down the precipice in an avalanche of rocks and stones, which he dragged with him as he came down the crack. I shall never forget the sight. I do not think I could ever have done so even had not the events which followed imprinted the whole scene indelibly upon my memory. It has made it impossible for me ever again to slay God's creatures for my sport, up to the present hour, and I hope for the rest of my life. For the last yard or two of his descent to the ledge the buck had ceased to struggle, and, laugh at the idea who will, there was imprinted on his features, as he hung for a moment on the ledge, an expression of sublime resignation such as no man could hope to wear in that moment of supreme agony. I had fired my second barrel at him as he struggled, to put him out of

his agony, but had missed in my flurry; and now I dropped the rifle butt to the ground, and, forgetful of my precarious position, covered my face with my hands. Not so the iron-nerved Afghan. With a cry of delight he actually ran out several paces on the rapidly diminishing ledge to where a thorn-bush, clinging to a little rift in the wall of rock, enabled him to hold on and look over. Undauntedly leaning over the abyss, he satisfied himself that the buck had fallen fair and clear down the precipice to the spurs below, rolling along the precipitous ravine between two spurs far out of sight. So he reported; and then, with a sigh of content, and the lust of meat in his eye, he turned very cautiously round with his face to the rock, still holding the bush, preparatory to return.

As he was in the act, there came in the air a mighty rush of wings. I had forgotten to load, and my eyes had been fixed on the daring cragsman, following his every movement; and now, as he cautiously turned round on the ledge, I was watching with stretched nerves the dangerous manoeuvre. His face just came round, and his eyes met mine, as the sound struck our ears, and I saw a sudden look of terror come over his countenance. "Kirghiz," he said; "for God's sake load!" I looked up for a moment. It was indeed the mighty lammergeyer—several of them—appearing by magic as they do where a moment before there are none. The sight of the falling markhor had drawn them down from the sky; and, circling round to find him, two of them had apparently been attracted by the sight of us. At any rate, leaving the rest, they had just swooped past in close proximity to our heads, and turned up again skywards on balancing wings. I did not quite understand the trouble on my companion's features, but obeyed him at once in the matter of throwing open my rifle to slip in fresh cartridges. I was not, however, long in learning what he meant. Had the hunter at once run into where I was standing, as boldly and successfully as he had gone out, it is probable that this story would never have been written. The position in the gallery was comparatively secure, and two men together, with a loaded rifle, could hardly have been successfully assailed, even by these terrible vultures. But, though the idea of such assault had not occurred to me, it must have at that moment come into the mind of my companion with overpowering force. He was full, as I now remember, of the lore of the hills—of all the strange tales and the superstitions of the mountaineer. His father and his grandfather, he once told me, had perished on these cliffs, no one knew exactly how, and he had expressed his conviction that his bones, too, would sooner or later be picked by the kirghiz, as theirs had been. He knew well, as I too knew, that the lammergeyer would sometimes set upon even the markhor, if they found them upon peculiarly insecure footing, and would try to knock them off, and that they frequently in this manner secured sheep out of flocks grazing on the lower ranges. Doubtless it flashed across him that this pair of vultures were now similarly bent upon destroying him, and the thought paralysed his nerves.

Had he, as I say, run in at once, he would have been safe, but he could not in his precarious position look about to see where the birds were, and he hesitated to let go the momentary security of his hold on the bush. Besides, bold and reckless cragsman as he ordinarily was, doubtless, with nerves thus suddenly shaken, the passage looked terrible to him. It is wonderful how, in dangerous places, such a shock will sometimes suddenly open one's eyes to perils hitherto disregarded; and the only resource then, if one has time, is to brace oneself and shut one's eyes, remaining still till the feeling passes away. One will wisely in such case, too, with the Psalmist, lift up one's eyes unto the hills from whence cometh our help. For this moment of meditation the poor hunter had no time. He had let the precious opportunity of escape pass, and I had barely crammed in the cartridges when I understood what was the matter,—for back came the kirghiz. The first vulture swept past, almost brushing the Afghan with its wings, and he threw out his left arm to drive it off, whispering in a tone of concentrated agony, "Shoot!" I threw up the rifle, but what chance had I of shooting with effect? The rush of an express train is the only parallel for the lightning swoop with which the second bird jostled past the hunter and swept down into the abyss. "Run," I shouted, almost beside myself, as the first bird came curving up again, its head bent over its shoulder to mark the hunter's exact position as it passed. But he was beyond running. The shock had almost thrown him off his slight foot-hold, and he could only clutch desperately to the bush, bracing himself against the rock with head bent down, his wits utterly scattered with terror. Controlling myself with an immense effort, I endeavoured to cover the bird as it poised itself for its next swoop, and fired; but in my eagerness I had forgotten my own precarious position, and it was with a sudden outburst of cold perspiration that I recovered myself as I tottered on the edge of the abyss, nearly over-balanced by leaning forward for my aim. My shot had barely diverted the vulture for one moment from its fell intent, and as I brought up the rifle again, the same bird, or perhaps it was the other one, swooped down. I fired my second barrel just before it struck the Afghan, and through the smoke I saw the bird and man and bush disappear down the precipice together; and above the reverberation of the report I caught his agonised death-cry. Appalled, with every hair stiffened and every muscle loosened by awful fear, I turned and hurried along the gallery. I had got half-way when my heart beat again, apparently for the first time, and my brain recovered from the paralysing shock of terror. I was not pursued. "The vultures then are content with their quarry," I thought, "and perhaps they have not noticed me;" and I paused a moment to draw a long breath and shake off some of this sickening fear before pursuing my way. But a sudden thought chilled my very blood again, and I hurried along the gallery. I had to get round the shoulder of rock by means of the rift; and suppose they came back and caught me there! I pushed along rapidly, and was within a few steps of the end of the gallery when my heart suddenly stopped again. I had heard the rush of wings! I looked over my shoulder for a moment, and there were both the lammergeyers hovering only a few yards off. The discharge of my rifle had, perhaps, frightened them away for the moment, or they had followed my companion's fall. But they had returned for the second victim, their instinct telling them that man on such ground was helpless, and as easy a prey as the sheep they occasionally knocked off the ledges among the ravines below. They had proved it so in the case of one of us, and were they likely to let the other go?

Looking back, it appears to me probable that these two lammergeyers were the patriarchs of the cliff. They had doubtless played the same game successfully with former hunters and hawks' nest seekers, whose bones had been gathered up by sorrowing relatives afterwards at the foot of the cliff, and of whom it had been supposed perhaps that they had met their death in the ordinary manner of the professional cragsman. Indeed, there was more than a suspicion to this effect among the hunters. My companion had never actually expressed it, but doubtless the idea was present in his mind, and, deepening to conviction when the vultures appeared suddenly so near him, had caused the paralysis of terror which cost him his life. The other lammergeyers, probably the offspring of this pair, had not concerned themselves with the encounter, but had swooped, doubtless according to custom, upon the prey the old birds had provided, and on the markhor which I had slain for their behoof. I had, then, only to deal with two, and I had my rifle in my hand, and a somewhat sheltered position. So I reasoned as I slipped two cartridges into my rifle, and tried to face outwards to avoid being taken in rear by my pursuers. But, alas, I found the shelter of my position a disadvantage here. The pent of rock above which sheltered me forced me also to stoop nearly double, and this, together with the outward slope of the ledge on which I stood,

necessitated my keeping my body parallel to the cliff, and my head and shoulders close up to the wall of rock, grazing along it. I found I could not even safely kneel facing outwards with rifle advanced. That threw the centre of gravity too far out. To turn round even was therefore a slow process, with head and rifle necessarily inwards towards the rock; and thus, notwithstanding the apparent protection of the shelter, an enemy on either side would have me at a fatal disadvantage, which I could not hope that those cruel intelligent eyes so intently watching me would be long in finding out. At the end of the ledge, however, just before it suddenly ended within ten feet of the watercourse, which now appeared to me like a haven of safety, the pent roof above suddenly rose up and disappeared. There, at any rate, I could stand upright on the precarious ledge, and thither I hurried to battle for my life. First, however, as one of the vultures was on my left front sailing slowly only a few yards off, and the other was perilously near behind me, I determined to try a shot. Surely I could hit so large a mark, and at any rate the report might check them while I traversed the rest of the gallery. I took as careful an aim as I could in my crouched position, dropping on one knee; but a sailing bird requires coolness and judgment to hit, and when it is in the same plane with the rifle the mark is not so great as might be imagined. My nerve was not equal to the shot, and I missed, but the ball went near enough to scare the bird, which dived with a scream, and then both of them disappeared. Slipping my hand into my pocket for a cartridge, I hurried along and reached the end of the gallery, but as I recharged my discharged barrel and looked round for my enemies, I felt very despondent, for I had found that there was only one cartridge left besides those in the rifle. I had started with only ten cartridges, for on Surghur a hunter, who has also necessarily to carry a water-bag, travels as light as he can. The Afghan carried my bag with spare ammunition and appliances, also his own food and mine, my cloak and his own blanket, besides his water-bag. These impedimenta, together with my water-bag, had been left at the foot of the cliff when we began to ascend the watercourse.

Straightening my back cautiously as I got out of the gallery, I faced outwards on the open ledge, leaning back against the rock, and looked around for the vultures. I could see nothing of them, and my heart throbbed painfully with hope. The watercourse was within sight, only ten feet off, round the shoulder of the rock. I rapidly stopped the rifle, slipped it over my neck by the sling, and faced round. I had my fingers in the rift; half-a-dozen efforts of hands and arms (how easy it seemed now!), and I was in comparative safety. But, just as I drew myself up, there came again the fatal whirr of wings. Dropping back with a groan of despair, I rapidly unslung and unstopped the rifle. It was not a moment too soon. The vultures had returned, wound up for business, emboldened by seeing me out on the open ledge, and fearing my escape. Barely had I again got my back to the rock when the first bird swooped, grazing past me with a shock which nearly knocked the rifle out of my hands, and staggered me on my insecure perch. It rose with a scream of disappointment at its failure, and, swift as thought, the second followed in its track. So nearly was I gone, that a touch would this time have settled my fate, and I let off my rifle in the bird's face, without having time to bring it to my shoulder, by the instinct of despair. Of course the shot was without effect, but the flash turned the bird, and I had a moment's respite to settle myself into position, again bracing myself against the rock. The vultures had risen high in air, and seemed to consult, and I had time to offer up a prayer and to slip in my last cartridge.

After a moment's hesitation my assailants now altered their tactics. They made two or three wheels, descending towards me, and then each stationed itself a few yards above me on opposite sides. Lateral swoops, they had concluded, were dangerous to themselves, and they had resolved to make alternate pounces on my head. The game I saw was now up. Against this method of attack I had no means of protection, and my last and only chance was to shoot the birds at once, as they hovered preparatory to the pounce. This was the inspiration of an instant, and I had thrown up my rifle as the birds descended towards me. Fear had now passed away in desperation, and I was as steady as a rock. The vulture on the left had just poised itself with outspread wings, almost straight above my head, preparatory to the pounce, as I covered it and drew trigger. How I did it in such a position I cannot now imagine, but the sense of my precarious footing had passed away in the intense pre-occupation of the struggle, and I stood on the narrow ledge as if no precipice were beneath my feet. Through the flash and smoke I saw the great bird collapse, but at the same instant there was a mighty rush, and by some strange instinct I let the rifle fall from my hands and stretched them both up to my right to avert the shock. It came, full on my head and neck, but as I staggered forward I clutched desperately at the talons which had grazed against my hands, and the next instant I was hanging over the precipice with my feet still on the ledge, supported by the scaly leg my left hand had grasped. I was turned half round, and I looked up. The vast spread of wings was beating frantically to rise. The left talon was drawn partly back. I grasped desperately at it with my right hand and seized it, but the effort threw my feet off the ledge, and my whole weight of eleven stone fell upon the vulture, and dragged him down the abyss.

For twenty feet or so we descended rapidly, grazing along the face of the rock. Here my foot caught on a small ledge, and we checked, or rather, the vulture's prodigious efforts brought us up. He then even raised me a foot or two, striking forwards, but my whole weight thus coming again upon him was more than he could support, and we once more descended, but this time we fell slowly, for the violent struggles of the terrified bird for some time maintained almost an even balance against the force of gravity. My presence of mind had returned to me, and with wits preternaturally sharpened I took in the situation. Wonderful to relate, there in mid air, slowly descending the face of the stupendous precipice, there flashed across me all I had ever read about parachutes. I remembered reading of the common wood squirrels which, with outspread tail, and rapidly-working arms and legs, spring to ground, when hard pressed, from the tops of the highest trees. I remembered reading in my childhood, in "Peter Parley's Annual," the story of two boys jackdaws—nesting on a church-steeple. They passed out a plank which they found in the bell-loft, through one of the little windows, and one boy sat on the inner end, while the other creeping out on the plank, secured the young jackdaws. The boy outside refused to share fairly, and the inner one got off the plank. I remembered that the boy had on a blouse, secured by a belt, and this, filling with air, aided, so the book said, by the struggling of the young jackdaws which he held by the legs, broke his descent, and let him down gently. "I have got hold of something better than young jackdaws," I remembered thinking, and I grappled tighter than ever to my friendly bird.

As we descended towards the base of the cliff the vulture tired; his struggles became feebler, and our descent more and more rapid till at last it was with a rude shock that I struck the ground in the middle of a skree—but I never let go. The shale started at once, and I held on tight to my vulture as we slipped along—he flapping and struggling, I supporting us both as best I could by working my feet against the moving mass, till at last, with a rush and a roar, the whole avalanche fell over a precipice. We were carried over with it, but, thanks to my struggles and the vulture's, we were above, instead of being overwhelmed in the mass. Again in air, the vulture made another good struggle, and as the precipice was only some fifty feet deep into a ravine, we got down without too

violent a concussion, and I found myself safely lodged against a boulder, with the panting and exhausted bird lying by my side. I loosened my grasp, and let my strained arms fall by my side, but he only flapped himself off a yard or two with a convulsive effort, and lay there looking at me with his bright scared eye. "Ah, you were looking at me very differently not five minutes ago," I thought, and it is the last thought that I remember, for suddenly everything became dark around me, and I stretched myself out, for I knew by previous experience that I was fainting away.

It was not very long, I fancy, before I recovered consciousness, but I was so deadly sick and so weak that it was some time before I could make up my mind to move. I looked round for the lammergeyer, but he was gone; and the sinking sun told me that it was quite time that I should go too. I knew of course pretty well where I was. Three hours down the ravines would bring me out on to the plain, where I should soon reach a village. I thought of my brother's anxiety, but as I looked up to the frowning cliffs, I knew that I had neither strength nor nerve to scale them and regain our camp, even had it not been so near nightfall. So I pulled on my leather stockings, and turned my face downwards, staggering with infinite pain and labour over the difficult spurs and ravines till I got into the last open stony gorge which led out into the plain. There I met a shepherd driving his flock home, who gave me the drink of water of which, nearly dead of thirst, I stood in such need, and lent me his sandals for my aching feet. Thus refreshed I was enabled to get on to his village, and to start a man off up the hill, round by the road, to tell my brother of my safety, and to inform the Afghan who was with him of his comrade's fate. Before morning both had joined me; and at daybreak, revived and strengthened by food and rest, I led them to the foot of the cliff where my hunter had fallen. On the way we retrieved the skull and horns of the markhor devoured by the kirghiz, and at the foot of the cliff we found the remains of the Afghan, of whom also little but the bones were left. Not very far off lay the fragments of my rifle and the feathers, head, and claws of the vulture I had shot, which a hill-fox had devoured during the night. He or another had also discovered the cache where we had left our water-bags and provisions, devouring the latter and tearing the former. My brother and the Afghans climbed up to the scene of the struggle, and some of the latter went out upon the ledge and up to the end of the gallery, and brought back as mementoes two or three discharged cartridge-cases which they found there. My cap, knocked off by the vulture, had somehow remained on the ledge where it fell, and a feather or two beside it, and these they brought to my brother. It was not till they had thus seen the scene of the fight that they in the least believed the wonderful story of my escape. Indeed, they were ready, I am sure, to suspect foul play on my part towards the Afghan till they had examined the very place from which he fell, clutching the bush. That bush was still clasped in the bony fingers of his cleanly-picked skeleton.

THE END



LORD MACAULAY, who had read all novels, pronounced Cervantes' masterpiece "certainly the best novel in the world beyond all comparison." How he would have delighted in Mr. Ormsby's translation of "The Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote" (Smith and Elder), set off as it is with print and paper worthy of the subject; and how he would have moralised on the strange fact that, after nearly seventy years of neglect (nay, nearly a century, for Miss Smirke's work in 1818 was only a patchwork), we should get two translations, and both excellent ones, almost simultaneously. Mr. Ormsby (we say nothing now of Mr. Duffield) meant at first to give instead of a new translation a new edition of Shelton; he wisely changed his plan, judging that Shelton's "fine old crusted English" would only be relished by a minority, and that archaism is the wrong garb for one who wrote in what is still to a very great extent the colloquial Spanish of to-day. His own English is racy without the slightest affectation, and his careful rendering of shades of meaning in such "chameleon words" as *discreto* and *succesor* will delight all Spanish students. Altogether the book is worthy of the translator of "The Cid"; the notes, brief and to the point, are packed full of learning; and, while the preface tells us what Cervantes has suffered from translators (even Viardot having forced him into a French mould), the life of Cervantes and critical estimate of his great work are full of scholarly suggestions. Of course Mr. Ormsby compares Cervantes, whose "unsmiling gravity" is so unlike the coarse buffoonery of Phillips and other translators, with Swift; even Sterne wants that self-effacement which marks the very greatest humourists. We hope this really splendid work, of which the second volume takes us to the end of the Fourth Part, will be duly appreciated. Some people wonder how any one can see any fun in "Don Quixote." Let them take up Mr. Ormsby, leaving out the Tales, which he has printed in small type, and which are as cumbering to the narrative as are the Stories in "Pickwick."

"The Life of Frank Buckland" (Smith and Elder) is from beginning to end such delightful reading that we cannot quarrel with Mr. Bompas because several of the stories have been already told. We can't have too much of Frank Buckland and Mr. Bartlett, and their sayings and doings at fairs and in shows. And, besides enough of this to make his book a storehouse of delights for young people, Mr. Bompas gives us a very complete life of our late Inspector of Fisheries, whose appointment to that office was a rare instance of a man getting just the place for which nature had fitted him. None will think the records of childhood and school life too trivial; they show the irrepressible bent; for of Frank Buckland it was far truer than it is of most people, that "the child is father of the man." The book is brimful of fun; fancy the Chief Rabbi consulting the Fisheries' Inspector as to whether Jews may eat oysters, the question being: "Do oysters creep?" At the same time almost every page contains something about that evidence of design for which Frank Buckland was such an enthusiast. He finds it even in the shape of guillemots' eggs, which turn on their own axis, instead of rolling off the ledge of rock where they are laid. He was also, we must remember, thoroughly practical, believing in fisheries as a means of increasing the national food supply.

The third volume of "The Royal Shakespeare" (Cassell), completes a work of which the paper, print, and illustrations (by Bromley, Dicksee, Ralston, &c.), are well worthy of the publishers. The arrangement is chronological, the text is that of Professor Delius, and the introduction is by Mr. Furnivall. The present volume contains the plays, beginning with "King Lear" and ending with "King Henry VIII.," which are supposed to date later than 1603. It includes Chaucer's "Palamon and Arcite" dramatized as the "Two Noble Kinsmen," and also "Edward III.," on the authenticity of both of which we refer the reader to Mr. Furnivall. "The Year-Book of New Zealand, 1885-6," by G. Vesey Stewart and T. Simpson Jones (34, Leadenhall Street, and Tauranga), is, of course, more comprehensive than that larger work (lately noticed in these columns) which treats of New Zealand along with the rest of Australasia. It is at once a Gazetteer, a Directory, a Business Index, and an Official Summary of Progress; and is specially designed as a guide to intending settlers, not forgetting

tourists. The excellent maps come from the Crown Lands Office at Wellington; and the works of Sir F. D. Bell and the publications of the New Zealand Government have been carefully consulted. The result is a very complete work of 900 pages, full of valuable information. The estimate of New Zealand industries is given from the standpoint of a United States' Consul at Auckland, who strongly recommends the country as a field for American enterprise. Mangane, wheat (which yields very well), whaling, fungus (the "Jew's ear" kind, exported to China to the tune of 19,000*l.* a year), rabbit-skins (an industry which, though it brought in 89,000*l.* in 1882, the sheep farmers would rather see extinct)—nothing is unnoticed. For the "King country" our authors quote Mr. Kerry-Nicholls, whose interesting book we reviewed some time ago. They pooh-pooh the influence of "the so-called Maori King," and hint that Tawhiao was made too much of in England. Anyhow, the Blue Ribbon which he brought back with him will be the means of saving the race, if, indeed, it can be saved.

The Hon. Harold Finch-Hatton's Queensland experiences began at drunken Mackay, where at a dinner of the *élite* the ladies dress as ladies do in England, while the men wear neither coat nor waistcoat, and have their arms bare up to the elbows. He had other reasons for affirming, what we can well believe, that "of all horrible places to live in the worst is a small coast town in Queensland." Everybody has heard of "shouting;" but never before were the evils of drink (far more fatal in towns than in the bush) so startlingly set forth as in "Advance, Australia" (Allen and Co.). Mr. Hatton writes with a frankness which would be delicious but for his too wholesale adoption of Colonial slang. The Victoria Land Act he calls "an infamous Bill;" he is deservedly hard on some of our "Upper Ten" who think they can leave their good behaviour in England; he is undeservedly hard on the Salvation Army when he talks of "the vicious droop of the eyelid, and the peculiar expression of petrified rascality;" and on the missionaries when he says "they rarely fail to convert an innocent and industrious savage into an idle and worthless scoundrel." He has no sympathy with the blackfellow, despite his fine manners and his sense of humour; but he cannot hold with strychnining more than a hundred blacks at once, as the "gentleman at Long Lagoon" did. Mr. Hatton's experience of station life, of the management of rowdy cattle, and of life at the diggings (where, despite his boasted open-handedness, the digger sometimes forgets to pay his doctor when, being a homœopath, he can't enforce his fee), may be useful to the few to whom others' experience is of any value. On Imperial Federation he has some good remarks anent the fact that, while the Contingent was embarking for Suakim, the Colonial Secretary was being burnt in effigy in various parts of Australia. Mr. Hatton can see both sides of the Queensland Labour Question. His solution is: "Bring in coolies (not Cinghalese, of whom a ship load was brought over on false pretences), and let Government undertake what in private hands has become the too notorious black-birding." But the Queensland "mean whites" won't see the thing in this light; and they have votes.

Professor Darmstetter's lecture on "The Mahdi, Past and Present" (Fisher Unwin), delivered last February at the Sorbonne, was quite worth translating. Beginning with the idea of the Mahdi (not *he who leads*, but *he who is led*), he traces the growth of that idea in Persia its birth-land, in Turkey, and in Africa. Of the present Mahdi he can tell us little we did not know before, though he brings out the truth that in killing Gordon the Mahdi-ites thought they had slain the Deddjäl or Antichrist; but he is, unlike the Gladstone Cabinet, awake to the fact that the Soudan must be kept open on pain of disgrace to all Europe. But Nature is against its being kept open from Egypt; Abyssinia is, therefore, the *Deus ex machina* that is to spread civilisation from the source of the Nile downwards; and France is to undertake (with more tact, let us hope, than in Tonquin and Madagascar) "the education of this infant Christian people." Let Frenchmen beware; the pupil would have something to teach the teacher; *baptême à la nature* would not be a pleasant addition to the *menu* of the "Trois Frères." Miss Ballin, in her translation, aims at correcting "our disastrous ignorance of the mental constitutions of those with whom we come in contact." We will not say to her little book: "Too late;" for the East does not change—at least in regard to its religious aspirations.

The Rev. J. Miller is so steeped in German theology that its strange terms drop from his pen on almost every page. The title, "Hamartiology," of this fourth volume of his "Thirty-Nine Articles" (London: Simpkin, Marshall: Hanley: Allbut and Daniel), is startling enough; but "thanatology," "sarkology," "hedonism," "objectivation," "traducianism," are, to say the least, repulsive to the general reader, in an age which ignores distinctions such as those between *infra*- and *supra*-lapsarians, in which our grandfathers revelled. But Mr. Miller writes for the few to whom the "Ninth Article," the subject of the present volume, has a special fascination. It is a subject on which so much ignorantly-blasphemous nonsense is still talked, that we heartily wish no one would dogmatise on it until he has gone through the amount of thought and study which is stamped on every page of this little book. Mr. Miller has cleared the ground as well as it can be cleared. He treats of heretics of all dates, from Pelagians to Mennonites; and to see how narrow is the line (often crossed by the most orthodox) between heresy and sound doctrine ought to make men more charitable.

The second volume of "Raphael: His Life and Works," by J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle (Murray), completes one of the most thorough books on painting which can be found in any language. The present volume begins with Raphael and Michaelangelo together at Rome, and the painting of the Camera della Segnatura frescoes, and ends with an account of the Arras of the second series, the frescoes in the Loggia, the Hall of Constantine, and the posthumous works. Throughout it bears evidence of what the authors are justified in calling "an exhaustive study of extant drawings and pictures," the criticisms on the better known of which will be read with interest by every one; and it is wholly free from that affectation which disfigures so many books on Art. For the authors' remarks on the Blenheim Raphael we must refer our readers to the first volume. To the trick by which Cardinal Chigi and Leo X. kept the pleasure-loving painter at work we earnestly call Mr. Ruskin's attention. The daring frankness of the old men may "seldom have missed of human grandeur;" but the conditions under which those old men too generally worked can hardly have failed to tend to that "moral enervation" with which he stigmatises the moderns.

PARISIAN ANGLERS

IF there be any special recompense provided in the next world for those who offer an exemplary exhibition of the virtue of patience in this, it ought to fall to the lot of the Parisian who fishes daily in the waters of the Seine. Among the qualities of a good angler enumerated by old Walton, whom it is impossible to avoid quoting in connection with angling, are "A large measure of hope and patience, and a love and propensity to the art itself." If these enabled an angler to fill his basket, the French Waltons and Cottons who dot the banks of the Seine at frequent intervals between Charenton and Poissy, would go home every day, during the "open" season, with enough fish to feed all their friends and relations. But, despite his tenacity of purpose, and most exemplary patience, the Parisian angler generally finds the finny tribes of the Seine too cunning for their tempter. You may watch the anglers all day, and never see them land anything but an

occasional eel, roach, or gudgeon, of such contemptible proportions that no respectable Piscator would deign to burden his basket therewith. At Charenton you may see on Sundays crowds of anglers in boats, or lining the banks of the Marne and the Seine. They elbow each other for room, and are as plentiful as sticklebacks in the pools and shallow waters. The wonder is how they all contrive to cast their separate lines, for every inch of the water is covered with floats and tackle. All the workmen and shopkeepers of Eastern Paris seem to be here engaged in fishing, as if their very existence depended upon the success of their rods and lines. They eat their *charcuterie* in solemn silence, and refresh themselves with sour wine, keeping the while an anxious and expectant eye on the float, which mocks their hopes by its persistent stillness.

Down near the Bercy *gabelon*, and towards the Pont Neuf, you meet a different type of angler. Here it is the *petit rentier* or the retired Government official, who lives in the Gobelins Quarter, and who occupies his superannuated leisure time in making himself believe that he is fishing. Wars and revolutions and all the tempests of time might pass over his head; but he would still fish placidly on, under the shadow of the ghastly Morgue, and up and down the river by the Jardin des Plantes. He has fished, as he will tell you proudly, through the Revolution of 'Forty-eight and the *Coup d'État*, through the War, and the Commune. He has seen Royal and Imperial dynasties swept away, and beheld many a change of Ministers. Nothing short of death or a cataclysm will prevent him from following his favourite occupation, which he enters upon as punctually as he did his office work in the Ministry of Posts and Telegraphs during bygone days; and it is even probable that when the New Zealander has done St. Paul's, and comes to take his stand on a broken arch of the Pont de Notre Dame, the retired *fonctionnaire* may still be seen, rod in hand, by the banks of his beloved river. Now and then a grumble rises to his lips when he contrasts the present with the past. His superannuation was the work of the Republic, and has made him a Reactionary. The Republicans, he will remark, would change the course of the Seine if they could, and drive away in disgust the few fish which still remain. The superannuated man is often elbowed by a rougher brother of the craft, who, in blouse and casquette, is engaged in fishing from every available place along the bank where he can get a foothold.

Going further down the Seine you will meet more anglers still, and of all sorts and conditions. The people who, having left Paris behind, cast their lines in the Seine below Passy and the Point du Jour, do so in pleasant places indeed. They are near the loveliest riparian scenery in the world. Passing Auteuil and the Point du Jour, they come to Sèvres bridge and the adjacent islets, where they inhale the woodland odours wafted from Clamart and the Bois de Meudon. Further on they angle by the Park of Saint Cloud and by Suresnes, where the Seine sweeps around under the shadow of Mont Valerien, and thus on to Neuilly and Asnières, where Paris, with its glittering palaces and columns, breaks in again upon their view. Saint Denis, with its blackened and poisonous waters, its unlovely banks and grimy riverside paths, is naturally not much patronised by the more respectable or aristocratic set of anglers, who leave its fish to the raggickers and carpet-beaters who here abound. But passing the old cathedral town and its busy factories, there is still lovelier scenery and greater sport by Argenteuil, famous for its plethoric asparagus, or down where the Seine dips around by Chatou and Le Vesinet, and, skirting the forest of Saint Germain, sweeps on to the ocean past pleasant Poissy and historic Mantes.

"The Seine," says Michelet, in his "History of France," "is in every sense the first, the most civilised, and the most perfect of our rivers. It has not the capricious and treacherous tenderness of the Loire, nor the roughness of the Garonne, nor the terrible impetuosity of the Rhone, which falls like a bull escaped from the Alps, pierces a lake of eighteen leagues, and flies fiercely to the sea, tearing its banks to pieces."

The historian then describes the course of the beautiful river as it flows between Pont de l'Arche and Rouen, decked with numberless islets, and set in a golden frame of sunlight, while in its waters is reflected the red and yellow bloom of the fruit burdens borne by innumerable orchards. This is why the angler of the Seine, even if gudgeon and roach be unwilling to bite, can console himself by the prospect around him. Or if he prefer, he can fish in such places as the park at Sceaux, where the carp allows itself to be hooked with extraordinary complacency, or in the lakes of the Bois de Boulogne, where for twenty-five francs a year he can often have a whole lake to himself. By this means he can avoid the angling crowds at Neuilly, Chatou, Maisons Laffitte, or Poissy, where the Waltons are frequently as numerous as at Charenton, although the engineers and builders are fast driving the fish towards the sea. The people, too, who dwell by the river-side have a habit of spreading or sinking their nets in lucky places along the banks, where they are sure to find an occasional haul, so that everything militates against the angler who, through love of the sport, is only too happy to spend his days on the river. The impatient angler, however, much prefers to throw down his rod and line for a while, in order to explore the lovely places which surround him on every side, or, if the weather be warm, to take a plunge into the Seine at the "Frogery" of Chatou. The wise angler always takes with him his own refreshments, for the river-side restaurants have, for the most part, execrable wine and detestable viands. Here is to be found no snug "Trout Hall," or "Bleak Hall," where "there is usually an angler that proves good company." To find such places the angler must go farther afield than the environs of Paris.

W. L.



It seems that the misunderstandings brought about by wicked people between true lovers, and so essential to the stock-in-trade of the modern novelist, have a more than respectable antiquity. According to Mr. F. Marion Crawford, in his "Zoroaster" (2 vols.: Macmillan and Co.), the people of ancient Persia were quite as devoid of common sense in such matters as are those of contemporary England according to current fiction. Indeed the usual imbecility ceases to be surprising when among its earliest victims was so wise a personage as Zoroaster himself, who, we are told, took to philosophy and practical magic on account of what used to be technically termed a "disappointment." Altogether Mr. Crawford's mingling of nineteenth-century theosophy, Biblical phraseology, Magian hymnology, and so forth, with the conventional topics and sentiments of the ordinary school-girl novel will be found exceedingly comical, or exceedingly offensive, or both, according to the tastes of the reader. The leading characters, besides Zoroaster himself, are the prophet Daniel, King Darius Hystaspes, Queen Atossa, and Nehushta, a Hebrew Princess of marvellous beauty and charm, betrothed to Zoroaster, but, through the arts of Atossa, parted from him and married to the King. The novel opens with the scene of the writing on the wall at the feast of Belshazzar, and though Mr. Crawford has expanded and coloured it by means of painting in many words, he has anything but succeeded in improving upon his original. The close is the murder of Zoroaster in a revolt, he and Nehushta being killed by the self-same blow. The general tone is one to which we are rapidly becoming accustomed—that of timid and half-hearted belief in the marvellous, and of

attempting to account for ancient magic by giving to old wonders new and pseudo-scientific names. The book is not of more value than is usually the case with contributions to the literature of modern mysticism: but its subject will render it attractive to a considerable circle who like their love stories to be salted with a flavour of philosophy.

Miss Yonge, in "The Two Sides of the Shield" (Macmillan and Co.), has little occasion to apologise for the revival of certain of her personages from "Scenes and Characters." Development is not repetition: and it is exceedingly interesting to follow those who were children then into their middle age, and to watch their attitude towards an entirely new generation. Miss Yonge has an altogether unique manner of portraying children. Her young people are interesting in proportion to their goodness—a feat in portraiture of which no other writer has approached achievement. "The Two Sides of the Shield" is thus more than merely wholesome—it is calculated to do positive good, by enlisting the sympathies of younger readers entirely on the right side, without the least sacrifice of the fun and the high spirits that are mostly monopolised by the wrong. The motive of the story is the career of a girl who, without any real reason, takes up the rôle of a victim and an *incomprise*, until she is cured by good influences and by the formidable results of her own folly. All this is made very interesting, and often very entertaining besides; and no more healthy tale could possibly be put into the hands of children, who will for once be grateful for what cannot fail to benefit them.

"Pyotshaw; or The Devil's Seat," a story of the Scotch Black Country, by Frank Gordon (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.), is, we should conclude, the first production of an exceedingly and agreeably youthful mind, to whom the most familiar incidents are still full of excitement, and the most venerable truisms pregnant with startling novelty. He is moreover inspired with a burning scorn for everybody who has money that he does not work for with his own hands, which is warranted rather by generous sympathies than by experience or observation. Indeed he is at once so wide of the mark and so entirely conventional in his comments on rulers and legislators, as to throw suspicion upon his personal knowledge of any class whatever. His notion of construction seems founded upon the method of Goethe when writing "Wilhelm Meister"—if space wanted filling, he went to a drawer and took out the first reflection on any chance and disconnected subject that came to hand. Thus a crowd at a Scotch miners' pay office is the text of an angry essay on the evil of young women marrying old men at St. George's, Hanover Square: the unimportant fact that one of the characters, a widow, is dressed in black is that of a furious protest against low dresses: and so on. He is also fond of making running interjectional comments on what his people do or say, and thinks it smart and lively to write "Hoptics" for "eyes," and to be generally slangy and periphrastic without occasion. The style suggests a study of daily newspapers rather than of books, and especially of the reporting columns. The story is of a very sanguinary order indeed. There are at least four murders and two suicides, attempts to murder past counting, a mining explosion, a fire, a strike, and the great Bank failure at Glasgow. Everything is ludicrously crude, but the tone is earnest, generous, and sincere, and the author needs only a moderate acquaintance with real life for the sake of matter, and with books for the sake of manner and style.

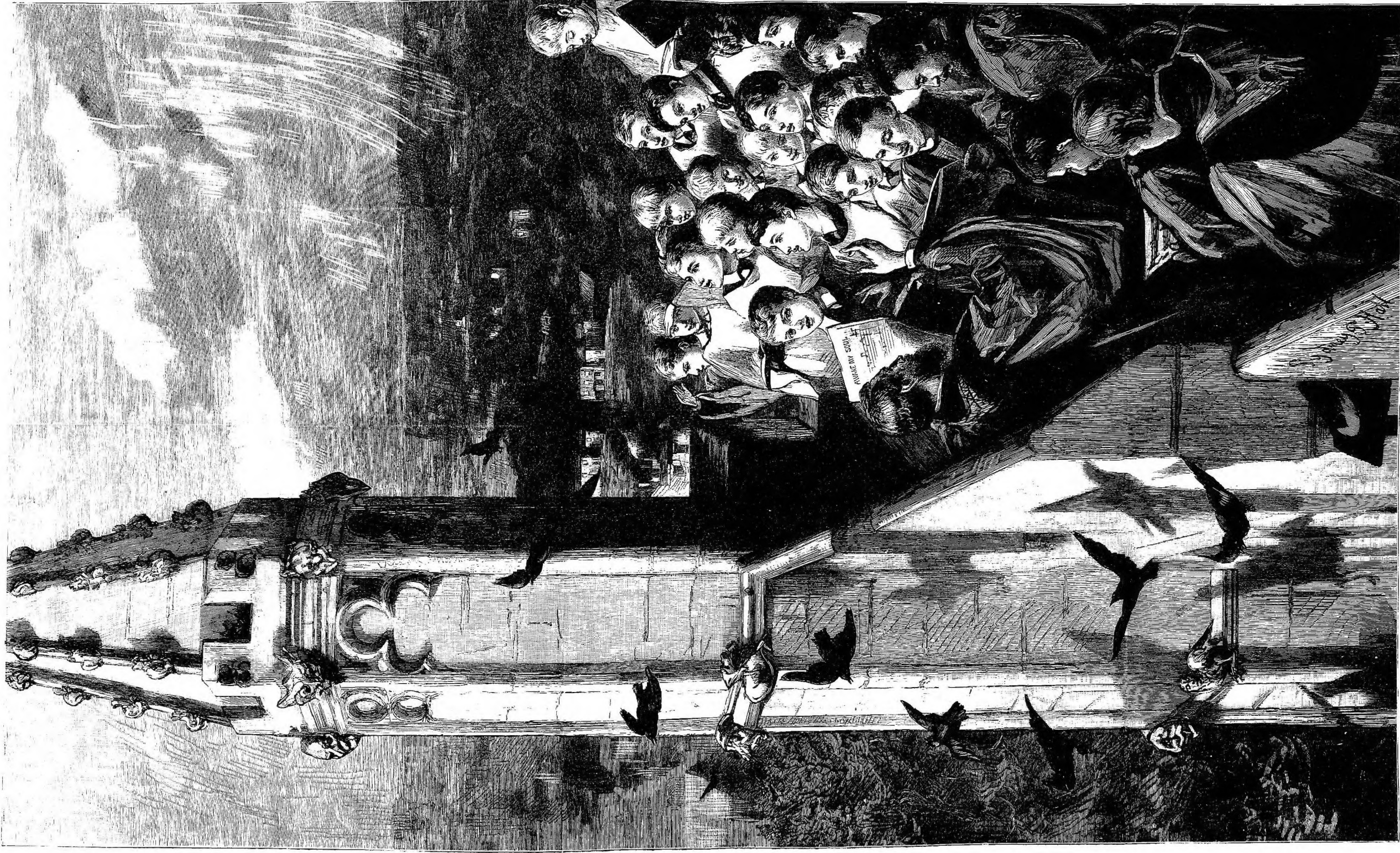
"The Story of Denise" (1 vol.: J. and R. Maxwell), is announced to be "founded upon the celebrated comedy-drama by Alexandre Dumas," and reads like an exceedingly bad translation of some French novel that was not worth translating well. Those who are unacquainted with the "famous comedy-drama" are likely to be confirmed in the most contented ignorance by this exceedingly morbid story, without point or interest of any kind, and written in a language which can claim to be called English only when it rises into inappropriate slang.

Admirers of Mr. Henry James are provided with a long and elaborate feast in the three volumes of his "Stories Revived" (Macmillan and Co.). It is not worth while to give a list of the contents, while criticism of so many different tales would in any reasonable limits be impossible, and would have to include, in order to be just or worth anything, a general review of its author. It may be said, however, that Mr. James is at his best when he is at his shortest, and that many who cannot labour through his long novels will derive a good deal of entertainment from taking him in small doses. To read the revived stories all at once would no doubt be a few here and there is to obtain a very fair notion of the whole. Genuine disciples of the neo-American school of fiction are, however, to be congratulated without reservation on their acquisition of so congenial a library as these volumes contain.

PROFESSIONAL DINERS-OUT

IT will doubtless be acknowledged—especially by those personally interested in the matter—that the choice of a profession in this year of grace 1885, more perhaps than at any other period of our social history, is a problem extremely difficult of solution. The days are gone by when a snug sinecure, entailing little trouble on its holder beyond that of drawing his salary, could be had for the asking; when the influence of a political magnate sufficed to ensure to a host of dependents comfortable berths for their lives, in return for which no guarantee of a proper qualification for the office was either expected or required. Things are altered now; open competition has proved a death-blow to patronage, and pitilessly levelled all distinctions of class; it is no longer *infra dig.* for a patrician to officiate behind the counter of a bank, or to pocket his commission as a fashionable stockbroker. Every vacant post, however humble, is immediately besieged by innumerable applicants; and before a man can secure the coveted prize he must show that he is fit for it. What then remains for those who either by ill-luck or incapacity have missed the golden opportunity, and find themselves hopelessly stranded and utterly at a loss which way to turn? Put the question to an intelligent Parisian, and he will tell you that when all trades fail there is still a profession open to any one endowed with the necessary requisites, namely, that of a "quatorzième," a term demanding a few brief words of explanation.

It is a fact too well established to admit of discussion, that a strong prejudice exists, and, for all we know to the contrary, has existed from time immemorial, against dining thirteen. People, the reverse of superstitious in ordinary matters, are on this head adamant, and instinctively endorse the prevalent belief that, on occasions when the number of guests at table exactly coincides with what is popularly called the "baker's dozen," one of them is morally certain to die before the year is out. In order to obviate this impending calamity no precautions are neglected; whenever the possibility of an unexpected addition to the party, or of a disappointing refusal at the last moment, is anticipated, the governess, or one of her youthful charges, is at once summoned from the schoolroom, and pressed into the service as the best available means of restoring the equanimity of the company. This arrangement, however, is not always practicable, for it is quite on the cards that there may be no children, and consequently no governess; in which case the only alternative seems to be that the master of the house should either be relegated to the side-table, or go without dinner altogether. How much better they manage these things in France, where a professional "fourteenth" may easily be found perfectly disposed, for the trifling consideration of a twenty-franc piece, or in some cases even gratuitously, not only to relieve the host from his temporary embarrassment, but also to



THE FIRST OF MAY AT OXFORD—THE CHOIR OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE WELCOMING
THE RISING SUN WITH A HYMN

Awake my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily charge of duty run.

Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

delight all present with his agreeable conversation and evident familiarity with the latest news on every current topic of the day.

For, let it be clearly understood, *n'est pas quatorzième qui veut*; the specialty is a peculiar one, and demands certain indispensable qualifications, the lack of which no other claims put forward by a candidate for the office can possibly atone for. He must be well born, and accustomed to good society; must live in a recognised quarter of the town, and not merely look like a gentleman, but be one. For all people know or care, he may be as poor as a rat, and, when not invited elsewhere, may take his meals with Duke Humphrey or at a restaurant of sixteen sous; but his dress and appearance must be unexceptionable, and the particle "de" attached to his name is a *sine quâ non*.—Moreover, he must be well posted in everything that is going on; must have the last tid-bit of scandal at his fingers' ends, and be thoroughly conversant with every political and social *ad dit* of the hour. The secrets of the Cabinet must be no mystery to him; and although in certain cases he may tax his powers of invention to their utmost, he must be careful in what he says to insinuate rather than affirm; thereby leaving his fellow guests to draw their own conclusions, without assuming any personal responsibility which might eventually be prejudicial to himself. In short, he must be at once communicative and discreet, going just far enough to whet the curiosity of his hearers, but sedulously avoiding to tread on delicate ground; above all, he must have sufficient tact never to monopolise the conversation, but be prepared, when necessary, to play the part of an attentive listener, and by an appreciative word or gesture judiciously thrown in here and there conciliate the sympathies and goodwill of each speaker in turn. By this means he will gradually become known and valued as a pleasant addition to a dinner party, and it will be his own fault if he does not profit by the opportunity enjoyed by him of enlarging his acquaintance, and securing more invitations than he is able to accept. Nor is it by any means impossible, if he play his cards well, that he may in due course of time obtain a regular footing in good houses on his own merits, independent of his professional capacity, and ultimately by the patronage of one or other of his hosts contrive to slip into some comfortable sinecure which will keep him in clover for the rest of his days.

The following description of a very prepossessing member of the fraternity was given many years ago by Nestor Roqueplan, the ingenious author of "Parisine," to a literary friend, and communicated by the latter to a journal of the time. "One morning," says the writer, "wishing to consult Roqueplan about a comedy I was on the point of offering to a manager, I called at the apartment occupied by him in the Rue —, and found him at his toilet. While he finished dressing I amused myself by inspecting the heap of visiting cards piled up in a huge china bowl on the mantelpiece. One of these particularly arrested my attention; it bore a coronet, underneath which were inscribed the words:—

"Gustave de Crussol,
"Quatorzième,
"Rue du Helder, No. —"
"Quatorzième!" I exclaimed. "What on earth does that mean?"

"Guess," said Nestor.
"Fourteenth of the name, perhaps?" I suggested.
"Try again."
"I give it up."
"You may as well," coolly observed Roqueplan; "it has puzzled more heads than yours, but, like many other mysteries, is simple enough when you have the key to it. Gustave de Crussol is a charming young fellow, as you will probably some day have an opportunity of discovering; his manners are those of a perfect gentleman, and his social qualities undeniable. He is one of the few individuals I ever met with who can talk well on any subject, as if he had made that particular topic his special study; he is an excellent linguist, and possesses a store of anecdote that would make the fortune of a contributor to the *Gaulois* or the *Figaro*. Where he gets his information no one can divine, but he is as omniscient as Asmodeus himself; from the latest Ministerial rumour to the mysteriously-whispered *canon* of the hour, he knows everything before any one else, and can predict the rise or fall of the Bourse with the accuracy of a Rothschild."

"All this is very well," I remarked; "but it does not explain the term 'quatorzième.'"

"I am coming to that," said Nestor. "Crussol is a Sybarite, and not being blessed with the means of gratifying his taste for luxury and good eating, has adopted a profession which would be impossible anywhere but in Paris, namely, that of offering himself as a fourteenth guest at dinners where, by some mischance or other, the number of persons invited is unexpectedly reduced or augmented to thirteen. He leaves his card on all rich Amphitryons who are in the habit of entertaining, and who, like myself, have a horror of sitting down thirteen; and his dress being always irreproachable, and his personal appearance extremely attractive, he has little by little become recognised as a very useful and agreeable addition to a party; and has, moreover, established himself as so great a favourite in certain influential houses, that the cards of invitation sent out are not unfrequently limited to thirteen, by way of ensuring the presence of so desirable a *quatorzième*." C. H.



MESSRS. FORSYTH BROTHERS.—Part singing is now so generally to be met with in public and private schools for boys as well as girls, that we are not surprised to find the supply of this class of musical composition somewhat in excess of the demand. "School Songs," for equal voices in unison and two and three parts, is edited by Frederic N. Löhr, Professor of Singing to the Plymouth High Schools, who has ample opportunities for judging of the capabilities of the rising generation as vocalists. We can recommend this series to the heads of schools and colleges who are just now in search of novelties for the Midsummer breaking-up displays. Six of these are by the late lamented Franz Abt, arranged as duets, words by Edward Oxenford. They are entitled respectively, "The Sunset Hour" and "Departed Hours," both very simple and melodious, "Rays of Morning," "Summer and Winter," "The River," and "Whispers at Sea."—For three voices, with solos, are, "Who Can Tell?" and "Arise! Oh Earth," written and composed by Eliza Hay and Wilfred Benda; the latter has also supplied the music for "The Streamlet's Song," words by "L. R."—"A Song of the Four Seasons," written and composed by Austin Dobson and J. C. Forester, is a capital dramatic trio.—"Silver River," music by H. F. Sharpe and G. Marsden, Mus. Doc., is written by E. Oxenford.—"Rest Day Songs for the Children" are more to be praised for their pretty and simple words, by the late Mary Mark Lemon, than for the too learned music by Frederic N. Löhr, who has not kept in mind that he was dealing with little folks, who need something to catch the ear.—A cheerful song of the sea is "The Saucy Kate," written and composed by H. S. Vince and George Fox; it is of medium compass.—"The Darkness is Stealing," a song with children's chorus, words from "Children Busy, Children Glad," by Mrs. W. K. Clifford, music by Charles B. Ingham, may be very amusing when not taken as an excerpt, but the refrain, "It's time

to cut off the dickie bird's noses, So bring me the carving knife," is as it stands very pointless, and likely to arouse the indignation of all young people with tender feelings.—By the above-named composer is a very graceful "Adagio Religioso," for violin and piano, together with a "Marche Chevaleresque," of a very commonplace type, a "Gavotte in F," and a "Gavotte Fantastique et Musette." From Harvey Löhr come a "Tarentella in E flat" of a showy description, but not one of his best efforts.

MESSRS. WOOD AND CO.—"Practical Notes on Harmony and Counterpoint, for Junior Pupils," by J. D. Burns, is an unexceptionally good little work, as clever as it is unpretending. In the preface the author remarks: "The theory of music is to a musician what grammar is to the speaker; this is quite true, as is the fact that to the young student the one is as objectionable as the other; hence hearty thanks are due to the master who smooths away the difficulties of both studies.—A very effective cantata for female voices is "The Crown of Roses," written and composed by Edward Oxenford and J. Allanson Benson. The libretto is founded on a custom in Switzerland, when on a certain day in the early summer the peasant girls assemble and proceed to the mountains in search of the Edelweiss, and she who is so fortunate as to come across this coveted flower is, upon again reaching her village, crowned with roses, and proclaimed "Queen of the Village" for the ensuing year. The finding of the Edelweiss is popularly supposed to carry with it a spell of good fortune. The music of this cantata is well adapted to the gladsome theme; three leading soloists and a chorus of peasant maidens are required for the execution of this work.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Two songs of average merit, music by Louise de Vaux, are "Travellers of Mien So High," words by Anne Evans; and "A Lion Shilling," words by Edward Oxenford (Messrs. Hutchings and Romer).—A song which will please at a seaside concert is "The Wrecker," written and composed by Frank W. Pratt and S. Claude Ridley (B. Williams).—By the same *collaborateurs* is "Ready," a bombastic "patriotic song," of which we have already had more than enough (Messrs. Osborn and Tuckwood).—On the same lines is "Australia's Message, The Harp of the Southern Cross," by Karl Wilhelm Goergs. The message is a long one, contained in eleven verses of eight lines each (Sidney).—Pleasing words by Claxson Bellamy, set to music which is not worthy of them by Robert P. Paine, are combined in "The Bell in the Belfry," a song of medium compass (William Reeves).—"A German Lied" for a tenor may be commended both for its poetry, by Franz Bechers, and its musical setting, by C. A. Ehrenfechter (Messrs. Weekes and Co.).—A taking piece for the pianoforte is "My Lady Barbara" ("Old English Dance"), by T. Merton Clark (A. Cox).

ENGLISH FARMING IN INDIA

TALKING with an Indian zemindar (landed proprietor) the other day this man, a Hindu, remarked:—"I wonder English capitalists do not buy up land in Southern India and farm it on their own account. They will put their money into Indian gold mines that won't return them one per cent., when the land would give them twenty." And when I inquired why native capitalists did not enter on such a profitable pursuit, he answered curtly, "They can get 60 per cent. on usury, which is very true. The great wants of the land in Southern India are water and manure. The ryots, or peasant farmers, are too poor, and generally too much involved in debt, to dig wells, or to do anything that costs money in the way of irrigation, and they burn their cow dung for fuel, consequently the land gets no fair play. Moreover, they never infuse fresh seed into their crops; indeed, they are only too thankful to get any seed at all, and, of course, buy the cheapest and the worst that is to be had in the market. As for ploughing, they simply scratch the surface of the soil with an implement that looks like a wooden anchor; but then their half-starved draught bullocks can do no more—so much is all that can be expected of them. Despite bad years, debts, difficulties, and taxation, an Indian zemindar on a large scale is usually worth money; some of them are enormously rich, so that, however they do it, they make farming pay."

I believe with my friend the zemindar that a large property in Southern India in such districts as Coimbatore, or Godavery, or indeed anywhere that water was easily obtainable would pay a Syndicate or Companyable to expend a considerable capital upon it, and this, too, though I know of sugar estates taken up by Europeans that have failed miserably. The fact is, that these failures were left to native management, and nothing in India left to native management will pay, whether it be a State, a regiment, a property, a business, or what not. Supervision by Europeans is absolutely essential to the success of anything in India; because speculation is rife, and no native seems to see the fun of working for another person so long as he is paid for doing so. Active European supervision will, however, produce wonderful results if combined with capital, and I confess I am curious to see what would be the result of good farming by experienced men in the South of India. We all know that large fortunes have been made by indigo planters in Bengal; but the South of India will also grow indigo, and sugar, tobacco, grain, oil-seeds, and other produce of great value. Englishmen, nevertheless, have never, to any extent, gone in for farming on the plains; they have limited their enterprise to coffee, tea, and chinchona planting on the mountains. Not that the climate need deter them. It is the same climate in which Government civilians and military men have to work, and no hotter than many parts of Australia in the summer.

There is a Government model farm at Sydapett, near Madras, where fancy crops are grown; but a Government model farm will hardly serve as a criterion of what a syndicate might do with fifty or sixty thousand acres of zemindaree land. But it is first necessary to describe what that land is. It is, generally speaking, quite unlike an estate at home—unless, perhaps, in the wilds of Ireland. There are no hedges or fences to speak of unless round a standing crop, and not always then, and the estate may be a vast plain, more or less sandy, dotted with patches of grain, such as cholam and raggy, for dry land, and with bright green paddy for wet. The trees will be chiefly palmyras, or cocoa-nuts, according to the distance from the sea, and there will be a prodigious acreage of scrub jungle, otherwise waste land. It is not because the land is worthless, but because the native farmer has not the money to cultivate it. He is over head and ears in debt to the village Shylock, and why should he cultivate more land when all the profits must go into the pockets of Old Sixty per Cent.? Why, indeed, should he do more than just get the handful of grain that keeps him alive, because anything more than this would go to the local money-lender and the landlord together. But it does not follow from this that the land is not good land, and capable of producing large crops. Most likely, if it was properly cultivated, and got some of that manure it now never sees from one generation of agriculturists to another, it would give as good a return as those prairies in the West of America we hear so much of, and it has this advantage over American land, that labour is abundant, and ridiculously cheap. Even the great and rich zemindars, like my friend, do not do justice to their land. Not one of them would ever think of spending a rupee on its improvement if the expenditure could be avoided, and a zemindar who drew, say, ten thousand rupees annually from his estate, would think himself a fool to try and make it, by putting money in the land, twenty thousand. It is here that Europeans would have the pull over natives. They would improve, and their profits would

increase, whereas the natives stand still, spend their returns in foolish domestic ceremonies, costing all they have, run into debt, and are ruined whenever a bad year overtakes them.

I don't think there would be any great hardship for Europeans in supervising an Indian estate. They would have servants and luxuries of all kinds that the Colorado or New Zealand colonist knows nothing of. And they would have plenty of sport and regular employment; what more need they wish? The indigo planter's life used to be considered the pleasantest in India, and equally profitable crops ought to give as much happiness as the blue dye of commerce. But of course, experience of natives, and native ways, would be essential; at least to ensure the profits of the estate. As for the estate itself, I fancy, that a good large zemindaree could be purchased in one of the districts I have mentioned on very favourable terms, owing to the impecuniosity of the zemindars as a class, and to the famines in past times, which have plunged many of them into debt. I don't mean Government waste lands, of which plenty could be had for a trifle; because to clear land would never pay; but to land now under crops (?) save the mark! with a view only to improvement. My idea is that the English capitalist would make two blades of grass grow where the native grows one; and it is not to be forgotten that there is a ready market on the spot for whatever is grown, be it grain or grass. There is not the disadvantage of having to export one's grain. India is so densely populated that the food is insufficient as it is.

I hardly know what the difficulty might be with the Brahmins, the ryots, and native neighbours at first, but probably not much, because capital smooths everything in India. The syndicate of 50,000 acres would be respected, and if not, why the law is at hand, unlike the prairies of America, where there is sometimes no redress. And natives, generally, are beginning to see their profit in the investment of British capital in such enterprises as manufactories, and would, no doubt, be equally glad to see English money invested in agriculture. There are some crops, indeed, which it is almost impossible to bring to perfection without a greater outlay than the half-starved Indian cultivator can afford. Tobacco, indigo, sugar, all require capital, and the ryot lives from hand to mouth. But wherever money is expended on the land, and manure and water applied to it, the crops will be found magnificent: the pity is that it is only in the neighbourhood of large towns and irrigating channels that one commonly sees anything of the sort. A syndicate would, of course, take up land along the bank of some large river, and would dig wells if necessary. In this way there would be a good command of water, and all the manure of the stock, as well as perhaps the sewage of adjacent towns or villages, would be applied to the land. The stock alone should prove a source of profit to an English farmer in India, because the natives are singularly apathetic about breeding cattle, and their acquaintance with the veterinary art is so poor that they are always losing their stock by preventable or curable disease. The improvement of Indian cattle and sheep by judicious crossing with South American and Australian breeds is a legitimate speculation, and one that would prove highly profitable to an Anglo-Indian farmer who understood his business. Profitable, too, would be the breeding of horses and ponies on a well-watered estate with plenty of fodder. It is for want of fodder, which is want of irrigation, which is want of capital, that horse-breeding speculations in India generally fail.

It would be utterly absurd and useless for any syndicate or individual to undertake the adventure I advocate upon a small scale or with a small capital. The ryots are all poor, but the zemindars are all rich. *Verb. sap.* The bigger the estate, and the greater the capital to expend upon it, the better the chances of making a Maharajah's income from it. And such is India and its inhabitants, that if an estate of 10,000 acres was to return 20 per cent. I should expect one of 20,000 acres to return 40 per cent., always supposing that the capital expended was in proportion with the increase of the acreage. In short, I believe that there are greater gains to be made out of Indian land than out of American, Australian, or other cultivated lands; but that to make any gain at all the land must be cultivated on a large scale, and a considerable capital put into it. It may be urged, "Why don't the natives form syndicates themselves if the scheme is so profitable?" but a sufficient reason is that they distrust one another. They would certainly try to rob one another all round, and a syndicate of that kind would not hold together. One word more. I believe that the Government would encourage enterprise of this description for its own advantage, for great undertakings would benefit Government, whereas small ones would only trouble them. And with Government, capital, and knowledge on its side, an English Farming Syndicate for India ought to succeed. F. E. W.

AN INVITATION

WHERE the flower'd rushes grow,
And the water-lilies blow,
Let us go, love, let us go:
For the river runneth clear
As we found it yester-year
When the Summer days were here.

I am sure you don't forget
How that morning, when we met,
All the bank was dewy wet;
And I dip'd the gleaming oar,
And we push'd from off the shore,
Two together, and no more.

And we moved along up-stream,
Till the banks began to seem
A procession in a dream:
Till we came where willows lank
From an islet leaned and drank,
And we landed on the bank.

And you hurt your foot a little,
For the root you trod was brittle;
But you did not care a tittle
(You remember) for the sprain;
And you hid a tear of pain,
And your smile came back again.

Come away, then, be it ours
To renew those golden hours
Where the river runs through flowers,
And the water-lilies blow.
You shall steer, and I will row,
Let us go, love, let us go.

F. W. H.

A MARVELLOUS WELL, giving out fire and water simultaneously, is owned by an American living near Stockton, California. Having reached excellent water at a moderate depth when sinking a well, the owner put a small tube inside the larger bore-pipe, and bored down to a considerable depth, where he found a large stream, strongly charged with gas. This bubbled up like a fountain, and on being tried burned brilliantly. Thus the outer tube provided water and the inner tube fire; so the ingenious American had suitable pipes laid on, and now gets a capital supply of drinking water from one part of the well, while the other provides all the fuel and warmth for the household, though its illuminating power is not very satisfactory.—At least, so says an American Contemporary.

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INTERNAL WEAKNESS.

From Miss M. Hudson, Twyford, Derby, March 20, 1885:—"Seven months ago I purchased one of your Electropathic Belts. I need not describe the symptoms here, but refer you to my letter of June 17, 1884, No. 3,144. I have worn the Belt every day since that date, it has been an untold comfort to me. I would not be without one, and cannot say enough in favour of your Belts; all I regret is they are not better known. I shall be glad to write to any lady who may wish to hear more particulars respecting my case, and shall certainly recommend your appliances to my friends."

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From Mr. H. FINCHAM, 54, Lugard Road, Peckham, S.E., Oct. 1, 1884:—"Before I came under your treatment I was a great sufferer with intense agony from Indigestion and Kidney Disorder, and had been to many doctors, but could get no relief. Before wearing your Electropathic Belt I must say I had very little faith in it, but I am now completely cured."

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TESTIMONIALS.

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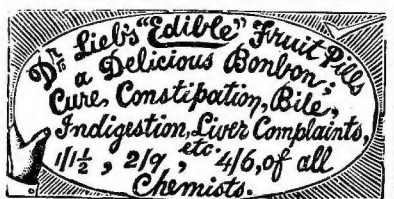
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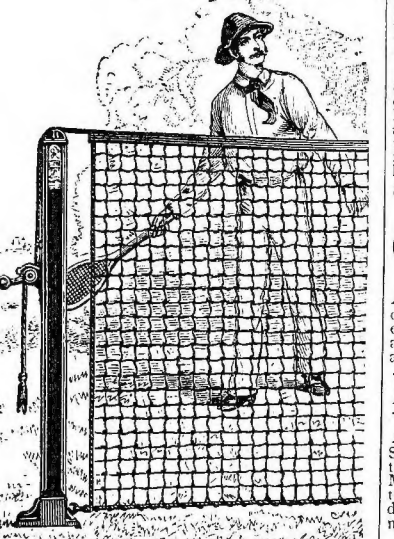
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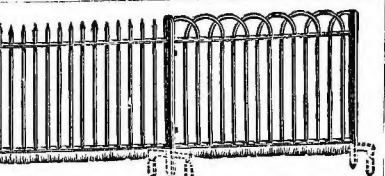
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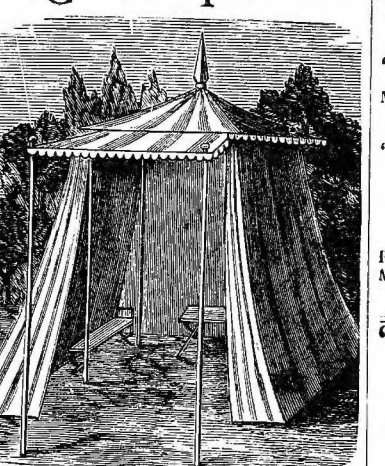


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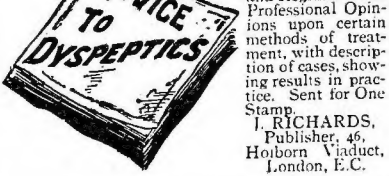


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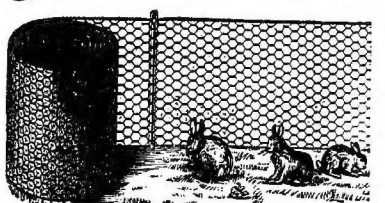


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